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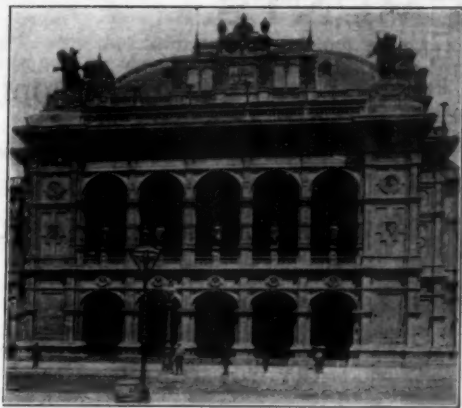
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VIENNA OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
Vöslau, Florstrasse 141, Villa Belvedere,
July 28, 1897.

[Continued from last week.]

WHILE I am speaking of books for students I recommend to those who cannot enter largely into the study of harmony and composition, Christiani's Principles of Expression in Piano Playing, Goodrich's Musical Analysis, Krehbiel's How to Listen to Music, and, for general enlightenment, Marx's Beethoven, Janotha-Kleczuth's Greater Works of Chopin, Nieck's and Liszt's Life of Chopin, Miss Wieser's Chopin (Sketches from A History of My Life and A Winter at Majorca, by Georges Sand) (Miss Wieser is from Chicago), Schumann's writings; and those who would like to but who do not fully enjoy and appreciate Wagner should read his own writings and autobiography and Finck's Wagner and His Works.

Those who cannot listen understandingly to orchestral music should supply themselves as often as possible with scores after having mastered Riemann's Catechism of Musical Instruments, and again I refer them to Krehbiel's last work, also in German. I recommend Über das Dirigieren, by Josef Pembaur, and if one cares to go further into it, a good translation of Berlioz's work on Orchestration.

Speaking of Miss Wieser's Chopin, I have already referred to this work so full of excellence and beauty in another letter that now I find my way open to dwell upon it at greater length. Take, for instance, what she says of the Chopin Sonata, op. 35. What artist among a thousand plays the last movement as it should be—as Chopin evidently intended it?

After telling us that the "artist is he who most delicately mirrors the world about him. We demand of art that it take the material as a cloud, a flower, a smile and mold it into the spiritual, changing mortality into the immortality of thought," she goes on to say: "A composition of Chopin often embodies passing days. Where, for instance, can we find a more perfect tone picture of the elements of nature, or the emotions more truly expressed, than Chopin's Sonata, op. 35? Beginning with quiet thoughtfulness, changing after the first few bars into intense restlessness and struggles, relieved by the sostenuto at first so blissfully hopeful, growing in its intensity, suddenly interrupted by doubts and fears, the two elements combating with each other, ending in firm resolve.

"In the second movement resolve battles on in firm sternness until the divinely sweet voice of hope comes to its softening relief. After repeated strife with the resisting elements these sweetly, hopeful tones die out with a sense of resignation in their dreamy consciousness of the inevitable, of the last, the heaviest blow. We hear the solemn strains of the funeral march, in it all burning emotions repressed and only an undercurrent of tears rolling on between."

And then follows the description of the last movement. The quotation is from Georges Sand: "In the presto the passion breaks loose, first *sotto voce*, in the murmuring distance, then louder sounds, 'the rush of the torrent, the hurried sweep of the clouds, the hoarse monotone of the sea, broken by the whistling of the storm, the frightened plaint of the sea bird, borne through the fitful gusts of air—perchance a great fog, descending suddenly like a shroud, and penetrating—the soul of man moaning, storming, *raving* in a agony over the buried lost. This sonata truly speaks of a life's drama."

This description is in part a picture of those moments of inspiration which Georges Sand herself witnessed, those moments when Chopin, like the medium of a divine voice, disclosed revelations from another world than this. And yet, if you can believe it, an artist (?) once told me he believed that Chopin in the presto intended to picture first the rattling of the horses' hoofs over the pavements after the burial, and thus symbolically describes the busy world, which does not care, going on in its rattling din of traffic, its buying and selling, its feasting and merrymaking, its marrying and giving in marriage—in busy indifference,

in the midst of the greatest tragedies—a heart breaks, a soul is lost, the mother gazes on her son hung for murder, a hero is assassinated, and still the busy world goes on, goes on, rattling and clattering; every note of the presto says: "I don't care, I don't care!" It is the mission of this little book to teach the interpreter what Chopin himself would have interpreted, *i. e.*, in this instance the culminating agony of passion in a life's tragedy.

Two of the grandest things in life—suffering and solitude. I mean the vastness and sublimity of that bereft solitude (like a towering cliff overlooking the far-spreading sea), in a contemplative attitude toward its God, whose benediction rests upon it—these are the passions Chopin portrayed in some of his best works like this sonata, that prelude in B minor, and the C minor etude, which Georges Sand pictures to us in the true mood of its author. Like flashes of light thrown upon a great painting, these little sketches are constantly giving us glimpses into the inner glowing, pulsating life of the soul nature of the great Pole, whose sensitive, quivering spirit was so keenly susceptible to outward impressions that Georges Sand tells us it "was sometimes literally flayed by a roseleaf."

I will close this letter by a comparison between statements made by Liszt and Georges Sand about her friendship for Chopin and its sad rupture. Liszt was writing for the public about his idol in rhapsodical phrases. Georges Sand was writing for herself and her God in her private diary. After Liszt speaks of the "memory of days passed in the lovely Isle of Majorca like the remembrance of an enchanting ecstasy. . . . No longer upon the earth he was in an empyrean of golden clouds and perfumes; his imagination, so full of exquisite beauty, seemed engaged in a monologue with God himself—a felicity in which the flight of time was only marked by the woman's love and the brilliant flashes of true genius. In the solitude surrounded by the blue waves of the Mediterranean, he breathed there that air for which natures, unsuited for the world and never happy in it, long with such a painful home-sickness—that air which may be found everywhere, if we can find the sympathetic souls to breathe it with us and nowhere without them." Referring to this "rare and beautiful union," he asks: "Has genius ever attained that utter self-abnegation, that sublime humility of heart which gives the power to make those strange sacrifices of the future and entire past? does not the force of woman consist in the abdication of all exactions (of genius)? can the royal purple of genius ever float upon the immaculate azure of a woman's destiny?" and then goes on to tell us how "Chopin spoke frequently and almost by preference of Madame Sand without bitterness or recrimination. His last pleasure seemed to be the memory of the blasting of his last hope; he treasured the bitter knowledge that under this fatal spell his life was ebbing fast away. . . . He was another great and illustrious victim to the transitory attachments occurring between persons of a different character, who, experiencing a surprise full of delight in their first and sudden meeting, mistake it for a durable feeling, and build hopes and illusions about it which can never be realized. It is always the nature the most deeply moved, the most absolute in its hopes and attachments, for which all transplantation is impossible, which is destroyed and revived in the painful awakening from the absorbing dream."

And now listen to Georges Sand. She tells us previously how peevish and capricious in his affections Chopin was apt to be; how he had in his confidence with her spoken of two young ladies at the same time of whom he had entertained thoughts of marriage; how one of these mortally offended him by merely offering a chair first to another artist who accompanied him in a visit. He had seriously thought of proposing marriage to her, but for this trifling, unconscious offense he never entered her house again. She explains how her son Maurice, to whom her life both by duty and affection was bound, had by some unwitting act greatly offended him. It proved to be "the grain of sand which had fallen into the quiet lake, and little by little the pebbles followed."

"We never reproached each other, except once, which was indeed the first and last time. So elevated an affection must break if needs must be, but not waste itself in unworthy recriminations. . . . No spirit was nobler, more delicate, more generous; no friendship more loyal and faithful; but, alas! on the other hand, no humor was ever more fitful, no fancy more cloudy, unrestrained, frenzied, unchecked; no sensitiveness more impossible to satisfy. And nothing of this was his fault; it was due to his illness. Sensitive to the sweetness of love, he was for days and weeks bruised by the awkwardness of some indifferent person or by the trifling vexations of everyday life. The fold of a roseleaf, the shadow of a fly caused him excruciating agony. His spirit, impressionable to all grace, all beauty, gave itself to all with inexpressible spontaneity; but an awkward word, a sinister smile lost his favor instantly."

"He loved most ardently three women in the same evening, but left them at the close of the fête with no thought of any one of them; not that he was unimpassioned or cold. Far from that, he was ardent and full of devotion, but not

exclusively and continuously toward the same person. Among five or six ardent affections he yielded himself in turn now to one, now to another. His was the extreme artistic temperament not suited to a long life. He was consumed by his dream of the *Ideal*, which could neither tolerate nor pity the customs of the world.

"He had no common ground on which to meet human nature. He made no terms with the actual. Implacable toward the slightest fault, he entertained the highest enthusiasm for the least real light, his exalted imagination making every possible effort to behold it in the sun. . . . So it was at once sweet and terrible to be the object of his preference, for he magnified one's light, and overwhelmed one by being disenchanted at the first suspicion of shadow in that light."

But I will have to cut this narration in the middle, and continue it in my next, when I will also touch upon recent discoveries Miss Wieser has made in the lately published work of Jules Lemaitre. I had hoped also to give an account of a great "discovery" in the Carl Theatre—I refer to Zacconi; and a little more about Charlotte Wolter and Laube. Next week I shall attend the opera at Baden, and send you full accounts of the artists who are in the best theatres in the environs of Vienna. Vöslau is about ten minutes' ride distant.

In speaking of the Americans here I had hoped to give some space to describing Miss Helen Morton Randall's home for American girls. Miss Randall's chaperonage is from many points a high desideratum for young Americans who must come here without other protection. Her home is a *home* in every sense which the word conveys. The little refinements of life, so difficult to find in most "pensions," the social interchange among ladies of refinement and culture, and the artistic musical atmosphere render this a delightful and trustworthy protection for the daughters of mothers who are questioning where to place them in Vienna. A highly educated German lady resides in the house, and German is spoken. Those who wish may pursue with her their studies in German or literature and history of art. Miss Randall is a pupil of Frl. Mütke, who was a pupil of Marchesi. Both those wishing to study vocal and those intending to pursue piano studies will find valuable aid and information, as also acquaintance in good society, with Miss Randall and her guests at IX. Garelligasse No. 3.

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Esther Hirsch.—Miss Esther Hirsch, our rising young contralto, sang at a subscription concert at the Larchmont Casino on Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., and immediately won the enthusiastic approval of a cultivated audience.

In vocal volume, breadth, freedom and grace of style Miss Hirsch steadily advances, and possessed as she is of the dramatic instinct her singing of songs is always the telling of a story in interesting and expressive fashion. Songs of Schumann, MacDowell, Fischer and Victor Harris were all charmingly delivered, MacDowell's Bluebell being the response to a heartily insistent encore. Miss Hirsch is meeting with invariable success, and were she to comply with the desire of her audience might on most recent occasions have more than doubled her program in response to encores.

Another Arens Pupil.—Mr. Edward Nell, who was one of the soloists of the recent music festival given under the auspices of Tarkio College, Mo., scored a great success with his fine voice, artistic delivery and breadth of style. He sang the part of Adam in Haydn's Creation, and at the matinee he gave a recital of subjoined program:

Vieni la mia vendetta (Lucrezia Borgia).....	Donizetti
Die Post.....	Schubert
Dio Possenti, Faust.....	Gounod
Gypsy John.....	Clayton Johns
Greeting at Night.....	Storch
La Sposa mia Bandiera.....	Rotoli
The I Think of, Marguerite.....	Meyer Helmund
Funiculi, Funicula.....	Denza
It Is Enough, Elijah.....	Mendelssohn
The Bandelero.....	Stuart
Roy's Wife o' Aldiralloch.....	Old Scotch Ballad

Here is a press clipping:

Mr. Edward Nell, the baritone, of Indianapolis, was perhaps the most finished artist present, having a fine sonorous voice, perfectly trained. It was remarkable for its force, expression and flexibility. He is the true artist. He is more than an interpreter—he is a musical impersonator, if such a term be permissible, for he is that which he voices. He might have made his fortune in opera. While in the great duet of The Creation the soprano was still the beautiful songstress, she failed to embody the character of Eve; Mr. Nell, however, was a superb Adam. It is hoped that his services may be secured for next year's festival.—Tarkio Avalanche.

Mr. Nell is solo baritone and choir leader of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, besides being the successful teacher of a very large vocal class, having graduated from Mr. Arens' classes in both the artists' and teachers' course.

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No. 4.

CAVITIES behind the source of sound do not reinforce tone. If they did then the size and shape of the wind chest of an organ would affect the quality of the tone produced by the pipe. This can be shown by experimenting with a pair of artificial vocal cords. The sound produced by artificial vocal cords is a mere squawk, although there are all of the resonance cavities of the voice behind them. But just as soon as you begin to build resonance cavities beyond the cords or on the opposite side from the motive power, then you begin to get a modification of the tone by resonance.

A talking machine has been constructed on this plan which could not only articulate, but could be made to speak several languages. All of the changes made to produce the different qualities of tone were made in the cavities above the vocal cords, or on the opposite side of the cords from the compressed air which set the cords into vibration.

Mr. Cathcart is perfectly right when he says that resonance is the most important question of all and that the whole art of singing hinges upon it. The conditions which govern the action of the resonance cavities of the voice are just the same as those which govern any other resonance cavities. The necessary means for experimentation with resonance cavities are available to anyone who wishes to investigate this subject.

It seems inexplicable to me that teachers and singers do not make themselves thoroughly conversant with this subject. The matter is of such vital importance to the speaker and the singer, and the means for experimentation are so easily obtained, that there is no excuse for any teacher to be ignorant on this subject. Even Mr. Cathcart, who realizes the importance of the subject, is not familiar with the conditions which regulate the action of resonance cavities or he would not talk about chest resonance. Resonators can be made from pasteboard and mucilage, or any tinsmith will make one for a few cents. The only way to learn anything about the subject of voice production is to experiment with the things concerned in its production. Therefore my advice to all interested in this subject is to experiment with resonators. Many lay great stress upon the action of the sphenoidal sinuses, Fig. 9 (9); the frontal sinuses, Fig. 9 (1), and the antra, which are located in the cheek bones, as resonance cavities.

The frontal and sphenoidal sinuses and the antra are

practically closed cavities, as far as free communication with the external air is concerned, so that they cannot act as resonators. This narrows us down to the pharynx, mouth and nose cavities as our only means of vocal reinforcement.

The management of these cavities becomes then very important. By looking at the section of the head and throat (Fig. 9), we see that by far the larger part of our

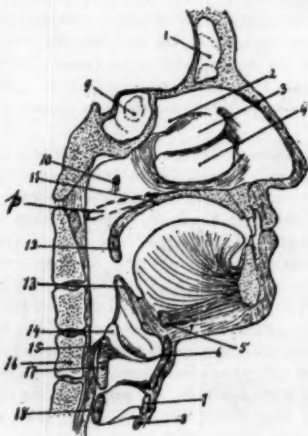


FIGURE 9.

Fig. 9.—Vertical section of the head to show location and relative size of the resonance cavities. (1) Frontal sinus; (2, 3 and 4) Turbinate bones; (5) Hyoid bone; (6) Thyroid cartilage; (7) Cricoid cartilage; (7 and 18) Top ring of the trachea; (9) Sphenoidal sinus; (10) Entrance to the eustachian tube; (11) Hard palate; (12) Soft palate; (13) Epiglottis; (14) Arytenoid cartilage; (15) Arytenoid muscle; (16) Vertebra; (17) Showing how raising the soft palate and closing the passage diminish the space available for resonant reinforcement by cutting off the large cavity of the upper pharynx and nose.

resonance space lies above the soft palate. Most singers when they produce a tone pull the soft palate up and back against the back of the pharynx, thus shutting off all the space above it, which should be used to reinforce the tone with. This is in reality the largest resonance space we have, and we have just seen how essential resonance cavities are to the intensity and carrying power of the tone. This is shown in Fig. 9. (17). The increased height of the wave which the use of this cavity would give is thus lost, and the resulting tone has not sufficient carrying power

and intensity. To compensate for what is lost in resonance, the singer must make the cords swing more widely, and thus puts a strain on the whole vocal apparatus. Resonance then becomes an important means of lessening the strain on the vocal instrument, and acts as a preventive of many of the ills to which speakers and singers are subject. It is very evident then that the soft palate must be relaxed if we get carrying power and intensity without strain. The constrictor muscles of the pharynx must also be relaxed, because if they contract they narrow the lower pharynx and lessen the resonance space there.

Another point worthy of notice here is the fact that the wide swing of the cord necessitates the use of much more breath. The breath is the motive power, and the more motion of the cords we get the more breath it takes. Resonance, then, not only lessens the strain on the vocal muscles, but it is an important factor in economizing the breath. This is the first reason why we say that as far as tone production is concerned the extrinsic muscles should be in position of rest.

Another way in which singers destroy resonance is by opening the mouth too widely. If this is done it practically destroys the mouth cavity as a resonance cavity. It also raises the pitch of the whole cavity, and thus destroys quality, which will be explained later. It seems to me that this is a satisfactory answer to Mr. Brown's query as to how amplitude of vibration should be produced. In his second article we find: "The books all tell us that loudness depends on amplitude of vibration, but to anyone who will cite an explanation of how to produce amplitude we will be greatly obliged."

It is upon this matter of resonance that nearly all vocal methods come to grief and most of the fundamental errors of the prevailing methods of to-day can be traced directly to lack of knowledge of resonance. Any work on voice production then should deal very fully with this subject and point out just what material is available for vocal resonance, and show just how this material can be utilized. For this reason I cannot leave this subject without referring to some of the false ideas which are put forth in regard to it.

Mr. John Howard announces as one of his acoustic discoveries, The Law of Consonating Vibrations. The School of Vocal Science, which is founded upon the Howard method, also advocates this theory. The School of Vocal Science says that it is ridiculous to suppose that cavities the size of the mouth, pharynx and nose can reinforce air waves, which are 8 or 9 feet in length. It certainly is ridiculous to suppose that these cavities can reinforce waves of this length when the fact can be so

easily demonstrated. If any member of this school will experiment with resonators he will soon find that waves much longer than these can be reinforced by cavities no larger than our resonance cavities.

If one wishes to sit down and speculate about things, he will find many things ridiculous which can be very easily demonstrated, and many things easy which cannot be demonstrated at all. Now what is this wonderful law of consonating vibrations? The definition given by the Century Dictionary, which is pretty good authority, is as follows: "Sounding together with another sounding body. Responding sympathetically to the vibrations of another sounding body of the same pitch." From this definition we might suppose that the term consonating vibration is simply a synonym for resonance, and that it included reinforcement by both sounding boards and resonance cavities. When we say that the air in a resonance cavity will reinforce the tone of a tuning fork, we mean that it is just the right size and shape to vibrate in sympathy with or at the same rate as the fork. In other words, this body of air has the same pitch as the fork. According to this definition we might say that we have consonating vibrations of the air in a resonance cavity.

The conditions are somewhat different in sounding boards. A properly constructed sounding board will reinforce a wide range of pitch. The reason for this is that it vibrates in sections, the size of these sections varying with the pitch of the tone produced. Here again it might be said we have consonating vibrations of the sections of a sounding board. As we have seen, in order to have a sounding board to vibrate in sections it must be perfectly dry and homogeneous in texture. Again, if we have two strings of the same pitch, and set one in vibration, the other will vibrate also. The reason for this is that the vibrations set up by the one strike the other at just its own rate. These vibrations may be conveyed through the air or through any other medium. There is a point here which does not seem to be thoroughly understood, and which I think has given rise to some erroneous ideas in regard to sounding boards and resonance cavities. If in the case of the strings, I bow one and thus set both to vibrating. I can stop the first one and the second one will keep on vibrating and will produce a tone for a certain length of time.

This is not the case with sounding boards and resonance cavities, for the instant the source of sound stops vibrating the air in the resonance cavities and the sounding board also stop vibrating. Strictly speaking, I think the term consonating vibrations applies only to cases like that of the two strings. The application of the term consonating vibrations to the vibration of air in resonance cavities, and to the vibration of sounding boards, has given rise to the erroneous idea that sounding boards and resonance cavities can originate tone. Dr. Curtis seems to share this idea, as we find on page 73: "We shall see in a later chapter the extent to which a tone in any musical instrument may be modified and given a particular quality by the overtones which are developed in the sounding board of the instrument." Page 92: "It should be remembered that it is not the compound vibrations of the string itself, whether of a harp, a lute, a piano or a violin, that produce the musical sound. It is the large surfaces or the sounding boards with which the strings are associated and the air inclosed by them that give forth the agreeable musical tones. And it cannot be too forcibly emphasized that this is also the case with the human voice, whose quality so greatly depends on the condition and management of the resonance chambers above and below the slit of the glottis." If this were true then the tone would be continued by the vibration of the air in the resonance cavities after the vocal cords had stopped vibrating, just as the tone is continued by the second string after the first has been stopped. This does not happen. Anyone can satisfy himself on this point by experimenting with a tuning fork and resonator.

Sounding boards and resonance cavities simply reinforce but do not originate tone. In this case of the strings,

however, the second string does originate tone, and this is what Mr. Howard and the School of Vocal Science claim for the muscles of the pharynx, mouth, tongue and palate. If the number of vibrations set up by the first string varies in the least from the rate of the second we will not get these consonating vibrations. In order to get them in the voice, the pitch of these muscles would have to be exactly that of the vocal cords.

The muscles in question are all very much longer and heavier than the vocal cords, hence they cannot be given the same pitch. Even if they could be given the same pitch these muscles would have to be entirely separated and distinct from each other, just as the two strings are, to act in this way. On the contrary, these muscles are all bound together by connected tissue, so that they could only act as a whole, and the law of consonating vibrations as far as it applies to the voice falls to the ground. This, together with the spinal resonance, forms the basis of the whole theory of resonance for this method. One of the functions of the spine is to protect the spinal cord from vibration and jarring, and it is therefore constructed so as to kill vibration instead of to reinforce it. This leaves this method without any foundation for its theory of resonance.

Madame d'Arona tells us in the February number of *Werner's Magazine* that she can prove by convincing illustrations that the bones of the head act as sounding boards. Convincing illustrations are just what we want, so please give them to us. Mr. Edward J. Myer tells us that the whole body acts as a sounding board. Will Mr. Myer please explain how this can be. Now what does Dr. Curtis' book say in regard to this subject of resonance?

On page 16 we find: "The vocal cords alone would produce but feeble sounds. Those that they do emit are strengthened by the sympathetic resonance of the air in the thorax below and the pharynx, nose and mouth above, the action of which may be compared to the sounding board of a violin." Page 48: "It is in their capacity as bellows of the vocal apparatus and also as a resonator in the chest cavity itself that we are chiefly interested in the lungs." Page 63: "Furthermore, that the chest may take in the largest amount of air possible and that it may be the sounding board and resonator nature intended, it must be enlarged in inspiration in all its diameters." Page 66: "The thoracic cavity, then, is in a position which permits the lungs to expand to their fullest extent, and a secondary resonance from below is added to the voice, a sort of complementary timbre. We know that the intensity and timbre of the voice are not only dependent upon the vibration of the vocal cords, but upon the vibration of the air above and below. With a high fixed chest we greatly add to the tone vibrations in the chest and accessory cavities of the nose and mouth, and it is this very increase and combination of facial and thoracic tone fortification, or overtone formation, which gives the enormous carrying power to tones produced by this method. For in this manner, and in this manner alone, are we bringing into play every muscle and every means nature has given us not only to fill the lungs, but also to increase the resonating function of the chest. We might express this better by calling it the *fixed high chest method or the breathing of singers*."

The objection to this method of breathing, as far as resonance is concerned, is that in the effort the singer puts forth to get this high chest position he is very apt to contract the extrinsic muscles, and thus cut off the principal resonance cavity. We have already shown that chest resonance is out of the question. Page 73: "On either side of the nasal passages are hollow spaces known as sinuses in the bones of the face, which communicate with the nasal cavity. These spaces naturally vary in size in different persons, and they have much to do with vocal resonance. There are also a posterior or sphenoidal and two anterior or frontal sinuses which act as resonators." These cavities have not free communication with the external air, which is an essential feature of a resonance cavity. Page 160: "On welcoming my dear friend Jean de Reszké to my house after his fourth return to our shores, I said to him: 'Jean,

have you any new facts for my poor book? Have your studies during the past year taught you anything which may be of use to me?' 'Yes,' he responded. 'I find that the great question of the singer's art becomes narrower and narrower all the time, until I can truly say that the great question of singing becomes a question of the nose.'"

If Dr. Curtis had begun and ended his discussion of resonance with this answer of Jean de Reszké we would give him credit for knowing a great deal about it. As it is we will leave the jury to decide as to whether his idea of nasal resonance, which is a correct idea, has been deduced from his own scientific work or has been picked up through association with such singers as Jean de Reszké.

It now devolves upon Mr. Brown to explain to the jury how the sphenoidal and frontal sinuses and antra can act as resonators, and how the chest can act as a sounding board and as a resonance cavity.

(To be continued.)

A Communication.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1897.

Editors the Musical Courier:

I ALWAYS read with interest the epistles of your keen-witted and heavy-fisted correspondent in Milwaukee. She often says things quite true and important, but just as often things highly unjust and unfair.

I do not know what the cause of her evident animosity toward Mr. Jaffé, the first violinist of the Milwaukee Trio, may be; in fact, I do not care. But I do know that her various attacks—one, a month or two ago, and one, in today's issue of *THE COURIER*—are prompted not by pure musical motives, but surely by very personal and unmusical ones.

I have been in Milwaukee recently for quite some time and have had the privilege of Mr. Jaffé's intimate acquaintance. He is a pupil of César Thomson; was graduated at the Liege, Belgium, Conservatory, from Thomson's private class, and received first prize at the annual "Concours." This was all four or five years ago, and since that time Mr. Jaffé has been constantly practicing his art with care and assiduousness.

These facts speak for themselves. If my opinion can be of any account, it is most emphatically that Mr. Jaffé is an excellent violinist. His breadth of tone, sweetness of expression and impeccable technic have been heard and applauded by many an audience in the home of your fair correspondent; and all were of the opinion that Mr. Jaffé is anything but what the lady critic represents him as being.

I hope you will kindly insert this in your next issue to remove the impression of some of your readers that the gentleman in question is a second-hand fiddler who, somehow or other, became the first violinist of the Trio Club.

He is undoubtedly a gentleman and a worthy pupil of the great Thomson.

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER FICHANDLER.

Riccardo Ricci's Summer Work.—Riccardo Ricci, the basso, was compelled to forego the pleasure of spending the months of July and August with some of his old pupils in different parts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. A few of his professional pupils, anxious to keep up study during the summer, have kept Mr. Ricci steadily in town.

Rachel Hoffmann.—The Belgian pianist, Mlle. Hoffmann, who, as stated in a previous issue, has been engaged for the next season by Messrs. R. E. Johnston & Co., will be heard in a very extensive and well selected repertory. One of the novelties she will play in this country will be the concerto in F minor by the late August Dupont, of whom Mlle. Hoffmann was the preferred pupil. The Dupont concerto, which is an interesting musical work, very brilliant and full of poetry, was played some years ago in Europe with the greatest success by the pianist Franz Rummel, but as far as is known it has never been played in this country.

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The Musical Courier,
NEW YORK.

Xaver Scharwenka.

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY AUGUST SPANUTH.

(Continued from last issue.)

Could Scharwenka hope to overcome those almost unsurmountable difficulties which the book offered? Well, his eagerness to compose an opera of the grand and heroic type undoubtedly led him to overlook all the grave defects of the book, and if he realized some of them he might have hoped to overcome them with his musical genius. He has done so in some instances, as the finale of the second act shows. In fact some parts of his opera are of supreme beauty and serve well to prove that Scharwenka is possessed of the very qualities that would make him fit to give to the world a thoroughly enjoyable opera of the highest type if he would be fortunate enough to find a libretto of real artistic value.

The most enjoyable and remarkable feature of the Mataswintha score is doubtless its rich euphony, its sensuous beauty of sound. It could not be denied that the same feature is more or less prevalent in all of Scharwenka's compositions, but it is all the more remarkable in his opera because he adopts for it the modern structure of the music drama, while in his instrumental compositions he adheres to traditional forms. This prevalence of tonal beauty leads to some sacrifices as to the energy of dramatic expression, but it never interferes with the modulatory variety. In fact the harmonization in Mataswintha is treated in the most modern style and borders sometimes on restlessness.

But above all there are themes and motives to be found in Mataswintha that could not be surpassed in their characteristic dramatic expression and their purely musical value. Of course nobody could deny that they show unmistakably the influence of Richard Wagner upon Scharwenka's musical invention, but nowhere appears a direct thematic resemblance to those of the unique master of the German music drama, however closely they might recall him in an æsthetic way. There is one theme especially, which could be justly called the love motive, and which is principally employed to illustrate the feelings that exist between *Witichis* and *Rauthgundis*, that is undoubtedly suggested by Wagner, but although one might fancy to have encountered it in *Tristan* and *Isolde*, it is by no means constructed and built up from melodic, rhythmical and harmonical fragments of *Tristan* motives. It is a most lovely and speakingly expressive melody, and it conquers the ear of the hearer at once and at the same time leaves no doubt as to the intention of the composer.

Scharwenka uses it in a most varied style—contrapuntal and otherwise—submits it to inversions and to contractions as well as enlargement, but in no case is he guilty of a mechanical imitation of Wagner. This ability to illustrate most different moods by the same thematic material proves not only that Scharwenka can invent themes of great pregnancy, but that he also is a disciple of Wagner in a higher sense. Unlike many of the after-Wagner composers, he did not believe in following him blindly and employing "Leitmotive" just as he had done it. A careful study of Wagner's scores might have taught him that there is a great difference even among the last works of Wagner as to the character and the use of "Leitmotive." Well, and if Wagner himself changed and altered his own scheme of construction according to the poetical subject he was working at, how could some other composer succeed by following a sort of grammatical guide which theorists have have tried to derive of Wagner's works? No, Scharwenka was too good a musician to indulge in such mediocre artificiality, and there was too much of originality and independence in his musical fantasia to accept even a technical principle without feeling its indispensability as to his very purpose.

Of course there are no duets and arias, &c., after the old style in Scharwenka's opera, but the layman that listens to Mataswintha will be very likely inclined to think that Scharwenka writes more in the old-fashioned melodious style than Wagner. This would be certainly a great error, barring one will accept a definition of "melody," which is not in accordance with its essential and etymological meaning. Not to recognize the melos in Wagner's scores means to be one-sided and prejudiced through conventionality, and hardly

any good musician nowadays can be accused of such superficiality. Although it has taken quite a number of decades to get the ears of the most conservative used to the new melos which Wagner introduced into dramatic music, there are only laymen and amateurs left now that would declare Scharwenka's writing as being more melodious than Wagner's. If Scharwenka's melodies should catch the ear easier than Wagner's it is because they are more thoroughly lyric and of less dramatic intensity. Dramatic characterization has too often wrongly been taken for lack of melodiousness.

At that very inadequate performance of Mataswintha on April 1, 1897, at the Metropolitan Opera House, one could not help realizing that the composer had lacked that peculiar sustaining power of building up a climax—of which Wagner was the master—in the finale of the last act. But at the same time it should be borne in mind that just this final scene is the weakest part of the book, and that the stage management left everything to be desired. The burning granary, of which for nearly half an hour nobody on the stage would take notice, was simply absurd. And if the second part of the second act, that great scene between *Witichis* and *Mataswintha*, did not come up to the expectations of those knowing the score, it was because of the ludicrous misrepresentation of the hero-tenor by a basso of the third class. The first finale of the second act, however, in which the chorus participates, made a very deep impression, and proved beyond doubt that Scharwenka has real dramatic blood in his veins.

As far as the technical part of his writing is concerned there can hardly be anything but praise. Scharwenka masters every detail of musical workmanship to a degree which never can be obtained through hard work alone. There is quite a general freedom noticeable in the way he treats all the technicalities, and one feels himself tempted to say he does everything quite charmingly. This orchestration is a revelation as to its naturalness and its luscious tonal beauty. And although he certainly has been a disciple of Wagner in the management of the orchestral forces, there is a very strong flavor of his own individuality in it. He never indulges in baroque experiments like the ultra-modern composers of the new German school, but he always remains true to his strong musical instinct. His musical heart is strong enough not to succumb to abstract calculations of the brain. He furthermore writes well for the chorus and for the solo voice, too, although his restless modulations and frequent inharmonic changes might render the parts difficult to learn.

The question now whether Mataswintha is a real, great work or not cannot be answered by a simple yes or no, just as it is difficult to point out the exact rank to which Scharwenka is entitled among the living composers. Undoubtedly this Mataswintha is not yet the best thing in the dramatic line he is apt to give us, and as he is just on the height of manhood, we can expect still greater things of him than he has done so far.

But it is well to judge him by this opera at first, because it is his greatest and most ambitious effort, and, second, because it seems to be the turning point of his career as a composer. At least, he has not published any larger work since Mataswintha, and so one might expect from him that he will devote himself to dramatic composition hereafter. At least it seems to be sure that Scharwenka is not anxious to enrich the piano literature to any large extent. He has done a great deal for it, especially so with his two magnificent piano concertos; but his latest publications show that he is satisfied to add to it a couple of smaller pieces just as a momentous inspiration compels him. The excellent qualities shown in his earlier piano compositions are all there still, namely, noblesse of invention, mastery of form and a quite inimitable elegance of what the Germans call "klaviersatz." But that he is still anxious to discover an entirely new realm of piano music one could not truthfully say.

As to his great symphony, op. 60, it is truly a very interesting work. It has been praised and criticized in many different keys, but the most amusing key is that in which Speidel in Vienna started his review, accusing Scharwenka of arrogance for writing a symphony in the key of B minor after Beethoven had spoken the last word in C minor. Of course Speidel did not dare blaming Brahms for the same crime, although he had been impudent enough to write his

first symphony in the same key. In this symphony as well as in his chamber music works Scharwenka makes use of the old classical forms, and so he does not impress one as a musical reformer. Some that witnessed his triumphs during his earlier career, like when he first played in Bremen, might have expected to see him develop into a reformer of the instrumental music and so might feel somewhat disappointed as to his creative efforts. But a careful study of his works will persuade them that there is a great deal of originality and real newness in his writings even when he adheres to traditional forms. And then Scharwenka is only in the middle of his career and much can be expected from him yet. At present he is forty-seven years of age, enjoying the prime of life.

Richard Burmeister's New Work.

RICHARD BURMEISTER has finished this summer an arrangement of Liszt's Concerto Pathétique in E minor by changing its original form for two pianos into a concerto for piano solo with orchestral accompaniment. Until now the original has remained almost an unknown composition; partly for the reason that it needed for a performance two first rank piano virtuosos to master the extreme technical difficulties and partly that Liszt had chosen for it such a rhapsodical and whimsical form as to make it an absolutely ineffective concert piece. Even Hans von Bülow tried in a new addition to improve some passages by making them more consistent, but without success.

However, as the concerto contains truly great themes and the most pathetic musical ideas, among the best Liszt conceived and is of too much value to be lost, Mr. Burmeister ventured to give it a form by which he hopes to make it as popular as the famous E flat major concerto by the same composer. The task was a rather risky one, as some radical changes had to be made and the character of the composition preserved.

To make a comparison, Mr. Burmeister cut the concerto like a beautiful but badly tuned bell into pieces and melted and molded it again into a new form. Some passages had to change places, some others to be omitted, others again repeated and enlarged. Mr. Burmeister went even so far as to add some of his own passages—for instance, a cadence at the beginning of the piano part, the end of the slow movement and a short fugato introducing the finale. As to the new form, the result now comes very near to a restoration of the old classical form: Allegro—Andante—Allegro.

A public hearing must be waited for in order to judge whether Mr. Burmeister has done his work artistically and discreetly. The success of his reorchestration of the F minor concerto, by Chopin, and his authoritative knowledge of Liszt's works and style speak in his favor. It is expected that Mr. Burmeister will bring out the new concerto during the coming season in New York.

Mr. Burmeister is spending this summer in a country place in Holstein, near Hamburg, Germany. He recently made a short trip to Bayreuth to attend a Parsifal performance and also paid visits to some of the old German cities. In Weimar he found the house, inhabited formerly by Liszt, in exactly the same state in which he saw it while studying with him.

On September 14 Mr. Burmeister will leave Bremen for New York on the new steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He will go back to Baltimore, but devote only some days each week to private teaching there, as he intends to spend a few days each week in Washington and New York. On account of the number of these engagements, which will take up all his time, Mr. Burmeister decided to give up his position at the Peabody Institute, which he had held for twelve years, and on July 7 he sent his resignation to the trustees of the institute.

Mr. Luther Conradi, from Baltimore, a most promising pianist, is at present with Mr. Burmeister in Germany to complete his studies and prepare a repertory for his début in America next season.

New York College of Music.—The regular fall season of the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert director) will commence on September 1.



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Important on the Voice.

By LAURA CARROLL DENNIS.

IN reviewing the discussion which resulted last season from a very laudable effort on the part of the editor of this paper to bring together for mutual improvement and the advancement of vocal science the prominent vocal teachers of New York city, as well as the laryngologists and physicists interested in the subject, several points have forced themselves upon my consideration. The discussion, while indicating a lively interest on the part of the participants, and in some cases careful study and serious thought, was on the whole unprofitable and disappointing. The reasons are not difficult to find and they deserve careful attention.

That there is a crying need for just such concerted action on the part of teachers and scientists no thoughtful person will deny. In the advance which the past decade has witnessed all along the line in educational matters our profession has lagged behind. In almost every department of science where progress depends primarily upon individual research and discovery its professors and votaries have banded themselves together into societies whose object is the presentation and consideration of the most recent thought. By free and intelligent discussion the strength or weakness of new ideas is made manifest and the store of truth accumulates and the chaff is cast aside. The conditions of membership in these societies are usually such as to guarantee that the members are prepared by previous education to participate intelligently in such discussions and deliberations, and will not offer for the consideration of their colleagues statements which they are not ready to verify, nor hypotheses for which they can supply no laudable basis.

The æsthetic and inspirational character of art render such organized effort in this field more difficult, and in the case of creative art of doubtful benefit. The so-called schools of painting, sculpture and music represent merely groupings of men who have agreed in the adoption of certain tenets and methods of work, which in a measure set them apart from their fellows. These groups may be formed by the disciples of some eminent master, by the followers of a great movement, reformatory or progressive, or they may be simply the result of the artistic and religious tendencies of a certain age. In no sense do they represent organization.

Among musical executants, however, and especially among teachers and other serious students of singing, those who strive to go below the surface and reach the foundation of their art, I believe that the same sort of organization which is common among scientists and the live men of various professions might be productive of incalculable benefit. That the attempts hitherto made in this direction have resulted so unsatisfactorily, and that we continue to work apart without harmony or agreement, would seem to indicate a radical defect in either the manner of organization or the spirit in which discussions have been carried on, or else the absence of a mental equipment in the individual, without which the deliberations of the most enthusiastic and disinterested body are valueless.

So long as teachers are unable to bring to the discussion of vocal methods and theories a fraternal and kindly spirit and an earnest desire to receive as well as to give light, so long as each is apparently prompted by the desire to advertise his own superiority and in every possible way to discredit the knowledge and achievements of his confrères, just so long will these discussions continue to degenerate into mere wrangles, marked by acrimony and personal feeling that must effectually destroy their usefulness and retard rather than advance the cause to which the disputants profess devotion, and just so long will the best elements of the profession stand aloof, withdrawing the

light which they might shed on many a vexed question, and in turn losing the benefit which would accrue to all from liberal and enlightened discussion. Much of this irritation and contentiousness doubtless arises from the failure of theoretical writers and speakers to comprehend each other's meaning, and this in turn results from the lack of mental preparation to which I have referred, and which is in truth the root of the whole difficulty.

To comparatively few is granted the power to express themselves so clearly and concisely that he who runs may read, but much may be done for clearness and accuracy of expression by careful training in accurate thinking—a training of which last season's discussion showed most of our theorists to be sadly in need. It is necessary to learn that it is necessary to fasten one's attention to the single point in controversy, and in considering, for instance, the function of the thyro-arytenoid muscle, to refrain from excursions to the stars, or from high flown discourses upon the spiritual essence of art. Such power of concentration and attention to detail characterizes the scientific mind, and if "vocal scientists" possess it not they should lose no time in undertaking its cultivation. Until they acquire the habit of accuracy in thought and expression their so-called deliberations can but excite the ridicule of thinking people, and their value will be represented by a cipher.

Every science, moreover, has a generally accepted terminology, established by its standard text-books, and each technical term or phrase has therefore a definite meaning, which admits of no misunderstanding or dispute. Any rational theory of voice production must be based upon a knowledge of the anatomy of the vocal and respiratory organs and a correct understanding of the laws of acoustics. This last is a department of the science known as physics, and its laws and principles have been established by men whose names are beacon lights in the annals of science. It has an extensive literature within the reach of all, an accepted terminology, like any other science, and is taught in all our colleges and universities by men who have devoted years of patient study to the mastery of its principles. By most of our vocal theorists, however, it is treated as a new field for brilliant speculation.

With the most delightful sang froid they advance theories and then make laws to support them, neither knowing nor caring apparently that their laws are completely at variance with the laws which are nature's and which men of science have been at great pains to discover, and by actual demonstration have established beyond controversy. Further, each writer or speaker invents a terminology of his own, and his original and arbitrary use of technical terms renders his discourse quite unintelligible to his readers or hearers, unless accompanied by an extensive glossary. This unfortunate condition of affairs is the result of deplorable ignorance, and so long as it continues our discussions on vocal science and our efforts to prevent the much-talked-of decadence of the singer's art will be worse than useless. A man might as well attempt the solution of a problem in solar calculus before he has mastered elementary arithmetic, as to undertake the formulation of theories of voice production without a thorough knowledge of the principles and laws of acoustics, added to an intimate acquaintance with vocal anatomy. This last is usually taken for granted, though in too many cases the assumption lacks justification.

I am well aware that in the foregoing remarks I have presented nothing new, and have adduced no facts not already recognized and deplored by more than one writer. So far as I know, however, no one has yet proposed a practical solution of the difficulty, and while not posing as a prophet in Israel, sent to lead the people out of bondage, I would like to venture a few suggestions which may be useful, and to which this review of the situation is merely preliminary. The teachers themselves must take the first step in the path which leads to light and must undertake their own education. For one thing, the profession must establish a higher moral standard. The many promising pupils whose voices are ruined each year have, and from the

nature of things can have, no legal redress, and for this reason every teacher should appreciate to the utmost his moral obligation to the pupil and to the profession he represents. The case of a certain fashionable and (financially) successful singing teacher, who, in the hearing, unwittingly, of one of his pupils, confessed to a friend that he knew nothing of voice production, but so long as people were fools enough to pay him \$4 a lesson he should continue to teach, is, I am thankful to say, an extreme one. But the moral standard and the conscience of the musical profession should make it impossible for that man to prosper and to obtain recognition as one of the foremost teachers of New York city.

While I believe that there are few teachers of singing who have not a sincere and abiding faith in themselves and their ability to train the rarest voice under heaven, yet I fear that few of them can give a reasonable justification of their faith. There are, however, many who, while serious and honest in their work, striving ever to impart to their pupils the best which they have been able to garner from the methods extant, yet realize that their knowledge is sometimes deficient and are ever on the alert to catch a ray of light, from whatever direction it may come. These are the hope of our profession, and it is to them that this article is addressed.

In common with many other teachers, I believe that the time has come when we should throw off all allegiance to the worn-out tradition known as the old Italian method. The Italian method may have been all that was claimed for it at a time when it lived upon earth and was generally understood. But the fact that to-day no two of its most ardent professors agree on its essential characteristics and that no one of them turns out the Pastas, Grisis, Malibran and Rubinis who were, if we may believe its votaries, the product of that marvelous method alone, would seem to indicate that in the process of transmission and dissemination it has been changed and corrupted beyond recognition. But is that any reason why we should cease to progress in vocal art and enter upon a period of decadence and despair? Certainly there is no lack of good vocal material. Moreover, the vocal apparatus is the same, and its use is based upon the same inimitable physical laws as then, and these laws are to-day better understood by the scientific world.

Is it not possible then for us to learn these laws, and when we have attained to a thorough understanding of fully demonstrated principles, by patient study and experiment to work out theories in consonance with them, theories that shall be scientific, rational and practical in their application? Even with a considerable knowledge of physical laws, however, one may grope for a long time before he rightly comprehends their workings in every detail or learns to apply them to the particular problem in hand; and it is here that friendly association and discussion with wide-awake colleagues may disclose just the clue which he lacks, quicken his mind to keener activity and aid him to bring forth truth full grown. But the association must have a firm basis in common knowledge, and the question is, how are we to acquire this knowledge and thus form a basis of rational agreement as a starting point?

It is my conviction that the curriculum of every conservatory or music school should contain a course in acoustics; that a series of lectures, especially adapted to the musician's needs and amply illustrated by the best physical apparatus, should be given by a professor from some well-known college or university, whose indorsement should be sufficient guarantee of his fitness, or by some other recognized authority in physics. These lectures should be open to all students of music as a knowledge of the laws of musical sound could but broaden their musicianship; and for students of singing they should be supplemented by a few lectures, also illustrated, on the anatomy of the vocal and respiratory organs. A knowledge of the scientific basis of his art would surely be no detriment to the singer, while the large proportion of vocal students, who study merely to become teachers, would be rendered far less

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liable to error in the acceptance or rejection of vocal theories and methods.

I cannot, however, fondly hope for the immediate universal adoption of this plan, and in any case it must be some years before practical results would follow, while the teachers of to-day, many of whom will be in the field for long years to come, would reap no benefit.

It has occurred to me, therefore, that the teachers might organize a school or class among themselves, and with proper guidance undertake their own education. Why should not those New York singing teachers who are sincerely desirous of the best equipment for their work and zealous for the advancement of art and an elevation of the standards of their profession come together this winter and organize themselves into a class for the serious study of acoustics, devoting also a certain portion of their time to vocal anatomy? It would not be difficult to find in New York a physicist competent to instruct them in all points of the first named science bearing in any way upon their work, while anyone of a dozen laryngologists could enlighten them with regard to the latter subject. By devoting an evening each week to this work and pursuing under the direction of the lecturer a certain amount of supplementary reading, I believe that at the end of the season the class could stand a fairly stiff examination and so demonstrate the fitness of its members to enter upon an enlightened discussion of questions involving the application of physical laws to the science of voice production. They would have acquired, moreover, a common language, need waste no time in quibbling over words, and might thus avoid a deal of misunderstanding and ill feeling.

After a season thus devoted to the acquisition of essential, positive knowledge, I would suggest that all those members of the class who could then prove, through the test of examinations propounded by their lecturers, that they had really digested and assimilated that knowledge, should become eligible to membership in a society formed for the consideration and discussion of the numerous vocal theories before the public, as well as any fresh ideas which might be advanced by its own members.

With the occasional assistance of the eminent physicist, whom I would retain as a referee in questions involving points yet too difficult for his pupils, it would be easy to dispose in a short time of an enormous mass of rubbish, and to reject it, not as a matter of prejudice or predisposition, but with authority, from positive proof of its worthlessness. Not that I am simple enough to imagine that teachers and theorists at large would in all, or even in most, cases acknowledge the wisdom and authority of our society; but the musical public would soon come to recognize the seriousness of its aims and the soundness of its modes of procedure. For purposes of general education the society's proceedings might with advantage be made public, but in no case should any person be admitted to its debates until he had demonstrated his fitness, according to the society's standards, to participate in such discussion. Nor should he expect it any more than a man who possessed neither diploma nor certificate would expect admission to a medical society.

As a result of such logical and well regulated investigation we might expect to discover and eventually to establish at least the correct mechanism of voice production, the very foundation of vocal art, without which the most superb organ, great musical gifts and the most exquisite intellectual and emotional conception must fall short of their highest possibilities.

An agreement on this one point would by no means produce uniformity or monotony in the world of song, as there would still remain a boundless field for the individual genius of both teacher and pupil. Upon the correctness of his vocal mechanism depends the preservation of a singer's voice. There can be but one correct mechanism, and the

importance of establishing that point cannot be overestimated. Beyond this, however, are such considerations as quality, tone color, dynamics, accent, diction, phrasing and expression, which pertain to the æsthetic side of the art, and while they might with profit become subjects for discussion and a liberal exchange of ideas in a society such as I have suggested, could never be finally disposed of by any tribunal. It is the intuitive grasp of this æsthetic content of his art and the ability to develop his pupil's powers of perception and expression, added to a sound knowledge of the physical basis of song, which will ever distinguish the true teacher.

The movement which I have outlined should properly begin in New York city, which is the head centre of art in America, but its ramifications might well extend into all our large cities, where teachers could unite to form similar classes and societies, with occasional national gatherings for an interchange of helpful ideas; and there might some day result a sort of "vocal academy," whose deliberations and conclusions, by means of their reasonableness and essential worth, might properly be followed as guides by the profession and those seeking a vocal education. I grant that the idea seems Utopian, yet there have arisen from small beginnings results more wonderful than the reign of logic and harmony among singing teachers.

The scope of the scheme admits of infinite expansion and its possibilities are yet in the clouds, but at least the immediate aim, the formation of a class of vocal teachers for the study of the science of acoustics as a basis of investigation in vocal science, is definite and practical. We can easily afford to wait for possible later developments which will come in the process of natural growth.

Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hane String Quartet.—Mr. Kaltenborn (violinist) desires to announce to the public that he and Mr. Beyer-Hané ('cellist) have deemed it advisable to make a change in the personnel of their string quartet. In place of Mr. Carl Windrath, second violin, they have taken Edwin Walther, a very talented pupil of Mr. Kaltenborn, who has been before the public in solo and orchestral work for the past three seasons. The quartet is now rehearsing twice a week regularly on next season's repertory, which is remarkably large and attractive in both classical and popular works. They are constantly booking dates, and a most successful season is in view for this splendid organization, which deserves so much credit for its excellent work.

On Thursday, August 12, the quartet played to a very large and enthusiastic audience at Katonah, as shown by the following:

It is seldom that people from Katonah and surrounding towns turn out in such numbers. As to the success of the concert, all who were present speak only in the highest terms. There was smoothness and finish as well as genuine fervor in the playing of the members. Their playing made good all that has been said of them, and the audience showed their appreciation of the playing by the encores given and the continuous applause. They were all thorough musicians and played with refinement and spirit, and fully warranted the opinion that high musical critics have given them.—*Katonah Times*.

In September the quartet will be heard in Mt. Kisco, Stamford and Croton Falls, and several times next season in Katonah again.

Mr. Beyer-Hané will play two solo numbers at a choral concert in Washington, Conn., under the personal direction of Arthur D. Woodruff, tenor.

Mr. Kaltenborn's name is frequently seen on the programs of the Madison Square Roof Garden concerts as soloist, where he always has a complete success. Owing to lack of space only one of the many excellent notices which is usual for this artist to receive is appended:

A violin solo by Mr. Frans Kaltenborn, distinguished by purity of tone and delicate execution, was warmly received by a truly appreciative audience.—*New York Evening Telegram*, July 26, 1907.

Musicians at Mont Dore, France.

AMONG recent arrivals at Mont Dore are Jean de Reszké, gay, gracious, dominant and talkative, in cigar-brown knickerbockers, Swiss hat and mountain jacket; Edouard, in plain grays, gentle, benign, fatherly, good husband, good father, good friend, speaking proudly of his quatre enfants, two of whom are in school in Paris. The brothers remain this season but twelve days instead of the allotted twenty-one on account of the Bayreuth trip. They have been coming to Mont Dore for twenty years, and are enthusiastic in praise of its merits for singers.

Madame Litvinne, in dark blue, superbly cut, good-natured, tactful, gracious, "très, très gentille," smaller, more blond and younger than those who have seen her only on the stage would think. Madame Albani, in white alpaca and stunning cape, voluble and smiling, accompanied by her husband, M. Gye, their son and daughter, nice young people, of lawn tennis age, and her sister. Madame Carrère, *Venus* of the Paris Opera, dark and handsome, with her husband, strongly resembling Mr. Wm. Lavin. M. and Madame Cossira, tenor and contralto, in their own charming "Villa Tristana," named for the tenor's successes in that drama. Mme. Blanche Marchesi, superb and classic in appearance, animated and dramatic in manner, resting after her very successful London season and preparing for a new one to commence in September, accompanied by her husband, a handsome Italian baron, and little son, a veritable cupid, whom they adore.

Mlle. Francisca, of San Francisco, la Belle Américaine to the Mont Dorians, one of the beauties of the resort, captivating all by her blond beauty, elegant dressing and refined, gentle manners; she returns to Paris on September 1 to prepare for her Milan season. M. Dupeyron, of the Paris Opéra, large, dark and tragic, heard in Covent Garden this season, and his friend, M. Guillaume Ibos, who is to go to America next month to sing with Mr. Damrosch. Miss Macintyre, slender and English, sang at Covent Garden. Jane Hading, pale blond in pale blue, eyes everywhere, while chatting Frenchly. M. and Madame Escalais, the celebrated tenor and soprano of the Paris Opera House.

The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Chesterfield, while not musicians in the strict sense of the word, are interesting guests at the Sarciron.

In Town.—Mme. Kate Ockleston-Lippa, of Pittsburg; Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb, of Washington, and Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, of Chicago, were in this city last week.

In the Mountains.—Miss M. Louise Mndell, the contralto of Christ Church, Brooklyn, is stopping at the Heath House, Schooley's Mountain, N. J., for the summer.

Important News.—The Philharmonic Society of this city has accepted the Brahms' concerto for Ysaye's re-entrance in America. He will also play one other piece, which has not yet been decided upon.

The business already arranged for this great artist exceeds the most sanguine expectation of his managers. He arrives here on November 7, and it is said that the musicians, especially the violinists of this city, are already arranging to meet him at the dock upon the arrival of the steamship, to give him a genuine American welcome, one that is deserved by such a great artist.

Accompanying Ysaye will be the celebrated violoncellist Gérardy; also the great favorite basso Plançon, and the eminent French pianist Pugno, the latter quite unknown in America. That Sunday, November 7, will be celebrated in a frolicsome way by the musicians of this city goes without saying.

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BUFFALO August 30, 1897.

G. A. R. emblems, flags, bunting, &c., decorate every street, house and corner in the city. Buffalo is red, white and blue. All the enthusiasm of national pride is aglow, preparing for the G. A. R. encampment to be held here next week. One of the features of the celebration will be the singing of national hymns by 4,000 children of the public schools. Mr. Joseph Mischka, supervisor of music in the schools, is actively interested in this chorus, and Mr. Charles Hagar, assistant supervisor of music in the schools (and a G. A. R. man), will conduct the chorus. The children will be arranged on a platform and dressed so as to represent a living shield; the girls in rows of red and white, the boys in blue carrying the stars. They will sing twelve or thirteen patriotic songs. They will be accompanied by a brass band.

Mr. Charles Mischka has arranged all the band music. He is one of the cleverest musicians in the city in that line, and I think would-be composers haunt him to secure his services in writing their popular pieces. He can play the organ, violin, double bass, and I believe he understands every wind instrument in the band. He plays the double bass in our Symphony Orchestra.

Several musicales have been arranged for the entertainment of the visiting women's corps under the management of Mrs. James Nuno, who is chairman of the music committee. Those who will take part in these musicales are: Tuesday evening, Misses Carbone, Miss Eugenia Lessler, Miss Mabelle H. McConnell, Dr. James J. Mooney; Thursday evening, Miss Tilden, Miss Whelpton, Mr. Nuno, Mr. McCreary, Miss Howard and a colored ladies' quartet; Friday evening, Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, Mrs. Lathrop Scott, Mr. Raymond Riester and Mr. Nuno. The musicales will be given in the Jewett mansion on Delaware avenue.

One of the patriotic songs to be sung by the living shield is the composition of Buffalonians. Mrs. Linda de K. Fulton wrote the words and Mr. James Nuno the music. The talent of both writers in their respective lines insures a composition of merit.

Among the few musical affairs of the summer were two concerts given in Concert Hall, one for the benefit of the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home, the other for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The programs read as follows:

FIRST CONCERT.

Readings.....	Mr. Allan Day.	Leoncavallo
Primave a.....	Miss Grace Carbone.	Thomas
Gavot, from Mignon.....	Mr. Day.	
Readings.....	d'Albert	
Gavotte et Musette.....	Chamina e	
Pierrette.....	Miss Mabelle H. McConnell.	Harria
Madrigal.....	Bohm	
Waldfteufel.....	Mrs. Elias.	
Readings.....	Mr. Day.	

Good-Bye, Sweet Day.....	Vannah
Miss Grace Carbone.	
Hunting Song.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Mabelle McConnell.	

SECOND CONCERT.

Sonata for piano and violin.....	Grieg
Mrs. Blaauw and Mr. Marcus.	
Mignon.....	Miss Grace Carbone.
Chopin	
Valse, op. 42.....	Mendelssohn
Capriccio.....	Master John Pierce Lange.
Songs.....	Brahms
Miss Carbone.	Franz
Romance.....	Svendsen
Mr. Marcus.	
Mr. Sheehan.	Moir
Miss Carbone, Mrs. Blaauw.	
Mr. Marcus.	

The vocal teachers who have been teaching all summer in Buffalo are: Signor Nuno, Mr. H. B. Breining, of Buffalo, and Messrs. W. J. Sheehan and E. J. Myer, of New York. Mr. Emilio Belari spent some time here, the guest of Mr. Chas. Dempsey, a brother of the now famous John.

There has been considerable interest shown here in the accounts of the new chimes recently brought to New York for St. Patrick's Cathedral. Several of the local papers have had descriptions of the bells, with the names of the donors, accounts of the ceremonies attending the blessing, &c. The interest was excited by more than ordinary curiosity, however. In nearly all the accounts of the St. Patrick's chime claim was made that it was the finest in the country. Buffalonians cannot, and do not, agree with this statement, inasmuch as Buffalo claims to possess the finest chime in the country and the third, if not the second, finest chime in the world.

The Buffalo chime is hung in the belfry of St. Joseph's Cathedral. It consists of forty-three bells. The largest weighs over 5,000 pounds, the smallest about 50 pounds. Six of the largest are for regular church service. All of these bells can either be swung or struck by hammers. The carillon can be made to play in two ways: (1) By a huge cylinder which revolves on the principle of a Swiss music box, thereby moving the levers, which in turn are attached by wires to the hammers of the bells. This cylinder occupies a space of 6x12 feet horizontally and 7 feet in height, so you can imagine its size. (2) By means of an ordinary keyboard, on which anyone conversant with a keyboard can play any tune.

I paid a visit recently to the tower in which these bells are hung, and I assure you it was with awe and amazement that I saw about me these bells, mounted and ranged in the most ingenious manner in a tower quite too small for their proper accommodation.

The authorities in charge have known for a long time of the insufficiency of room for the bells and as a consequence the carillon is now not rung. Periodically the question of building a new tower and replacing these bells is agitated. Various city officials, men of wealth, &c., propose schemes for their proper adjustment. The delay has probably been for the best, as electricity bids fair to be the agent to be used for the manipulation of this carillon, and Buffalo is just getting herself in condition to deserve her title of the Electric City. Each bell bears the imprint of the founders, "Bollee Pere et Fils, Foundeurs Accordeurs au Mans (Sarthe) Construction de Grands Carillons." In addition, each of the forty-three bells bears a different Latin inscription. On the largest I read easily "Deo uni et Trino Laus et gloria sempiterna," on another "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes," but the list is too long. Suffice it to add that the bells are a wonder, and they are in perfect condition—the rest, which even metals need, having undoubtedly proved beneficial. In conclusion, New York cannot

yet boast of having surpassed Buffalo in the possession of chimes. Buffalo leads the country.

Lafayette Church is having a male quartet provide its music for Sunday services. It is a new departure. The quartet is composed of Messrs. Pitcher, Anderson, McIntyre and Broughton. Mr. Geo. Whelpton, director of this church, has been in New York for several weeks.

Miss Christine Eisbein has gone to Leipzig to study vocal music. She is a sister of the talented opera singer of Leipzig, Miss Adrienne Osborne. The young lady bids fair to rival in talent her sister.

Mrs. Henry Jacobson, pianist, and Miss Katherine Halliday, cellist, are in Germany for study.

Mr. F. D. Bloomfield, of this city, and Dr. Hollister, of Dunkirk, have just completed a new opera, entitled, The Dons, which they expect to have produced the coming season. Both young men are favorites here, and consequently they have the best wishes of many for success.

Mr. Wm. J. Sheehan, assisted by Mr. Robert T. Loud and Miss Hume, gave one public recital during the summer. Mr. E. J. Myer also gave one public recital, in which the following pupils participated: Miss Welch, Miss Williams and Mr. Waterous. They were assisted by Miss Milne.

Mr. Wm. Kaffenberger's success as an organist at the New York State Teachers' Convention greatly pleased his friends. He is organist of North Presbyterian Church, a position he has held for years.

Mr. Eugene Bonn, organist of the Rochester Cathedral, was a visitor here for a few days recently. He has just published four antiphons, appropriate for the four church seasons. The set has received the approval of Rheinberger.

Miss Agnes Riordan, of Elmira, is spending the summer here, and she will probably remain here during the winter. She is a very talented violinist.

Mr. Louis Adolf Coerne, one of our best known musicians, has decided to leave Buffalo in September, to accept positions in Columbus, Ohio, as director and organist of Trinity Church, and director of music in the Ohio University. During his residence here Mr. Coerne has been director of the Liedertafel, organist and director of the Church of the Messiah, and for one season director of the Vocal Society. His decision to leave Buffalo has caused much regret among his friends. He is an excellent musician, an earnest worker and a gentleman of culture. I am afraid the Liedertafel will miss him greatly, but it is the society's own fault. One of Buffalonians' failings is the non-recognition of the fact that musicians must be shown practical and continued appreciation or they will accept offers which are sure to come from other cities where talent is also desired.

Our people are constant enough, but just a trifle too cold. They think when they have once asserted their approval that should be enough. As a consequence our singers and musicians hie themselves elsewhere, much to our consternation. There are dozens of professionals in New York alone. For instance, Mme. Schelle Gramm, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup, Mrs. Shannah M. Jones, Annie Louise Tanner, Dr. Frank G. Dossert, Mr. Sanford Norcott, Dr. Gerrit Smith, Mr. John C. Dempsey, Mr. Carl Samans (Philadelphia), and others were all at one time residents of Buffalo.

And now we are to lose Mr. Coerne. His resignation as director of the Liedertafel leaves that society without a leader, and just at a critical moment of its existence, although his leaving is not the cause. The Liedertafel expects to celebrate its golden jubilee the coming season. It is the boast of the Liedertafel that only two or three other societies in the country have existed long enough to celebrate a similar anniversary. The society has decided now to take no active steps to secure a director or to plan for a celebration until the September meeting, when all these points will be settled.

Many of our professional musicians are spending the

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season at various resorts. Miss Elizabeth Cronyn is at Plattsburg; Mrs. George Fiske is in the Muskoka Lake region; Mr. John Lund (as everyone knows) is delighting the Saratoga visitors with the music of his symphony orchestra at the Grand Union Hotel. Among his right hand men in the orchestra are Hartfuer, first violin; Mahr, first cello; Suerth, harp; Ripley, flute; Jasper, oboe.

Mr. Wm S. Waith is in the Catskills.

Mr. Hobart Weed, president of the Music Association, spent his vacation at Martha's Vineyard, and he brought back glowing accounts of the success of George Bristol, the New York teacher.

Music Hall has been leased by Mr. Charles H. Salsbury, of St. Louis. All the concert and orchestra dates made for the season of 1897-8 will hold, of course. In addition Mr. Salsbury will provide dramatic entertainment every afternoon and evening.

OBSERVER.

Wurzburg Conservatory.—The Royal Conservatory of Wurzburg, under the management of Dr. Karl Kliebert, with a staff of eighteen professors, had 224 pupils during the past year. Among them were two American girls and seven men.

Margaret Reid.—Advices from London during the opera season were to the effect that this American artist had made a great success at Covent Garden this season. Would it therefore not be advisable to have her over here to participate in musical performances, as the opera hiatus will give better opportunities than ever to American artists in this country?

Wodell in London.—London, August 7, 1897.—Mr. F. W. Wodell, soloist and teacher of singing, of Boston, Mass., gave a reception the other evening to a number of American friends, now in London, at the residence of Mr. Clarence Lucas, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park. Among those present were Mr. Wm. Shakespere, with whom Mr. Wodell has been studying for some time; Mrs. Shakespere, Mrs. Stacey-Williams and Misses Hannagan and Biglow, of Milwaukee; Mrs. Packard, Brockton, Mass.; Miss Connell, San Francisco; Mr. J. M. Williams, Montreal, and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, San Francisco.

Mlle. Francisca for Milan.—Mlle. Fannie Francisca, of San Francisco, is engaged for the coming season by Sonzogno for La Scala Theatre under superb conditions. Radcliffe, Mignon, Carmen and Pecheurs et Perles will be in her repertory, and it is probable that special operas will be mounted for the singer, who, it appears, has a remarkable lyric soprano voice and great beauty.

She has been offered several engagements in Italy after the Milan engagement, but recent brilliant prospects for London prevent her acceptance of them. She is at present at Mount Dore taking the waters and is one of the sensations of the place, where she is called la Belle Américaine. She is a blonde, with dark eyes, delicate features and extremely refined manners.

Engaged Pupils.—The following six pupils of the school of M. Paul Marcel, Paris, have been engaged for the coming season, under brilliant conditions: Mme. Etta Madier de Montjau, of New Orleans, at the Royal Theatre of Amsterdam, as dramatic soprano. In her repertory will be Lohengrin, Aida, Herodiade, &c. The latter will be conducted the opening night by M. Massenet. She is also to sing in Die Meistersinger.

M. and Madame Luca have been engaged for the Grand Theatre at Nantes—he as first tenor, she as first light soprano; M. Dastrez, engaged at the Grand Theatre of Lyons, as first tenor; M. Prevaille, tenor at the Grand Theatre, Rouen; Mlle. Vallier, Dugazon Theatre du Capital, Toulouse.

Mlle. Marguerite Picard, a pupil of Mme. Ambre Bouchère, is engaged at the Opera, and made her first appearance with excellent success.

D. A. Clippinger.

BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

THE career of Mr. D. A. Clippinger, the well-known vocal teacher and conductor of Chicago, has been analogous, in a large measure, to the progress of music in America.

He was born in Van Wert, Ohio, of parents who, while possessing musical tastes, did not look with favor upon his becoming a musician; on the contrary, they urged him to go in for the law, but the musical instincts were so strong within him that he could not reconcile himself to settling down to a life work in any other career than music. The art in America has gone through this same phase, which decried any man, a score of years ago, making it a profession.

But despite this discouraging influence, musicians have multiplied in all parts of the country, and have established music on so firm a basis that it is now being properly recognized in the leading educational and social institutions of the country. The musician, too, who excels in his particular branch of the art takes equal rank with his brother workers in other fields of activity.

Mr. Clippinger has won his position through his own efforts directed along practical lines. It is this class of men whom we have to thank largely for the great strides music has taken in the United States during the past two decades. He was educated at Fort Wayne College, and afterward studied music at the conservatory of that city. After leaving it he was appointed director of the musical department of the Fort Wayne College, where he taught singing, harmony and other branches of music, besides conducting the Choral Society. In the summer months he organized conventions for the discussion of all kinds of musical subjects by teachers.

After much practical experience Mr. Clippinger longed for a wider sphere of activity, and removed to Chicago, where he opened a studio on Wabash avenue in 1887. Here he found more scope for his energies, and soon gathered around him a large class of vocal students, whom he enthused by his own serious interest in the work. Many of these have to-day become well-known singers in Chicago and the West. It was at this time that Mr. Fred W. Root rendered him great assistance, and offered him some class work, which Mr. Clippinger was glad to accept, and from this beginning his reputation in Chicago has gradually extended year by year. Mr. Clippinger holds a very high opinion of Mr. Root as a teacher, and feels appreciative of what he did to help him on. Mr. Clippinger says he has an exceptionally fine musical sense, and is a remarkably successful teacher.

The subject of this article has always been a great reader on general subjects, as well as seeking all the light he possibly could in his own profession. To this end he is familiar with all the works of any note on voice production. Like all progressive Americans, he felt that a visit to Europe would prove beneficial to him in many ways, and accordingly he first came abroad in 1891. In order that he might more fully see the various methods employed in teaching on this side, both in the conservatories and privately, he studied at the Stern Conservatoire of Berlin, the Paris Conservatoire and various other places here; also with several eminent teachers who are specialists in their own particular line, such as Julius Hey, of Berlin; Shakespere and Emil Behnke, of London, and Julius Barbot, of Paris. He spent most of his time at the Stern Conservatoire of Berlin, where he had much valuable instruction from Fräulein Jenny Meyer, who has since died. M. Barbot, who was head of the vocal department at the Paris Conservatoire, afforded him special facilities for attending the classes there, besides which he had private lessons at this gentleman's house.

The ideas he gathered from his study on the Continent have been invaluable to him in his teaching, as well as

those from his stay in London at that time. Here he learned a good many points concerning the Tonic Sol Fa system and its working generally. Meeting the superintendent of music in public schools, he had the advantage of seeing the method of training children of all classes, many of whom were able to read splendidly, although they were ragged and dirty and looked as though they had not had a square meal for a month.

In speaking of the art of singing Mr. Clippinger said: "It is an art of expression; the mind will express what is in a man, the voice being but the instrument with which he works; consequently it is necessary to train both the mind and the voice, so that the artist will be able to realize as nearly as possible his conceptions." Mr. Clippinger believes in overcoming the individual difficulties of each student, without awakening in him more than is possible the consciousness of his defects or of the mechanism of his voice.

In this way his pupils gradually learned to sing and to think very little about how the voice is produced, but to produce it intuitively, and color it according to the sense of the words which they sing. The voice must become secondary and subservient to the thoughts which are to be expressed; and the success of singing will depend upon the mental grasp by the student of the inner or subtle meaning of the text, which requires for its full apprehension a vivid imagination and mental training. This enables the singer to make a living reality of the part he is singing for the time being. It is to these sound principles that Mr. Clippinger owes his great success as a teacher. His serious interest in his work and evident knowledge impress the student, and the result is a natural singer, able to use his talents to the best advantage.

Dr. George F. Root selected Mr. Clippinger out of all available teachers to represent him in giving instruction in methods of teaching and conducting at his summer school at Silver Lake, N. Y. He could not have a higher indorsement of his capabilities than this.

Mr. Clippinger has devoted every summer since he started to teaching and conducting at conventions and summer schools, being very popular in this capacity at Chautauqua.

The prominence which Mr. Clippinger has gained in Chicago naturally secured for him many introductions to well-known teachers in Europe, when he again came abroad this year. By aid of these he has been able to put himself thoroughly in touch with the inner working of musical life, both here and on the Continent. While finding many things to admire, Mr. Clippinger was conscious that there were many things in which the Americans have advanced materially.

A feature which has been invaluable to Mr. Clippinger in his work has been his experience as a conductor. He is to the manner born and never feels happier than when conducting some large body of singers. The Chicago people are familiar with his very successful choral training. His work in connection with the Bankers' Club alone has gained for him an enviable reputation, the singing of his male chorus being of the finest heard in Chicago. His church choir, too, is noted for those qualities which enable them to render the most difficult music to perfection.

Mr. Clippinger leaves London for Bayreuth to attend the last cycle of the Ring and Parsifal, returning to America early in September.

Richard Burmeister.—Mr. Richard Burmeister, who has been in Bayreuth, is expected to reach New York on his return from Europe on September 22.

Miss Reese-Davies.—Miss Maud Reese-Davies, a pupil of Trabadello, Paris, of whom more particulars will be published next week, reached New York on August 19 on the Friedrich der Grosse from Southampton, and is at present at the Waldorf.



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10 QUAI DE FRAGÉE,
LIEGE, Belgium, August 5, 1897.

A GRAND concert was given at Spa on August 2 for the benefit of the Vieuxtemps monument fund. Spa is but an hour's ride from Liege, and I embraced the opportunity of attending an interesting concert, and at the same time of seeing this famous summer resort.

It is a small town, of not more than 30,000 inhabitants, but it is a popular resort of people of wealth and fashion, not only of Belgium, but of all parts of the world. There are many Americans there. The Queen of Belgium resides there during the summer, which gives the place an aristocratic tone.

The concert was a great success both artistically and financially. Four eminent soloists, César Thomson, of Liege; Dyna Beumer, cantatrice to the Court of the Netherlands; Anton Sistermans, concert singer, of Frankfurt, and Fr. Grützmacher, violoncellist of Cologne; also a chorus of 300 and an orchestra took part. The program was as follows:

Ouverture Symphonique et Hymne national..... Vieuxtemps
Belge, op. 41, pour Orchestre et Chœur (300 exécutants.)
Chevauchée du Cid..... d'Indy
Soliste M. H. O. Longtain.
La noce au hameau..... Bouhy
Par le Cercle Royal Vieuxtemps et l'Orchestre,
Abendstern du Tannhäuser..... Wagner
Air du Sénéchal de Jean de Paris..... Boieldieu
Par M. A. Sistermans.
Concerto pour violoncelle..... Saint-Saëns
Par M. Fr. Grützmacher.
Air de l'Opéra La Belle Arsène (1778)..... Monsigny
Par Mme. Dyna Beumer.
Instrumentation et cadence de M. Gevaert, directeur du
Conservatoire royal de Bruxelles.
Fourth concerto, pour violon..... Vieuxtemps
Par M. César Thomson.
Geisengesang..... Schubert
Je m'en souviens..... Cui
Requiem du Cœur..... Pessard
Par M. A. Sistermans.
Ode à Vieuxtemps..... Dupuis
(Paroles de M. H. O. Longtain) pour chœur mixte et orchestre.

The orchestra under M. Lecocq, and the chorus Cercle Royal Vieuxtemps, of Verviers, Vieuxtemps' birthplace, did excellent work, but the interest of the evening was centred in the soloists and most of all in César Thomson, partly because he was the only one of them who rendered a Vieuxtemps composition, but chiefly because he was incomparably the greatest artist of them all. He towered above the others like a giant among pigmies. I heard him both at the rehearsal and at the concert, and I never heard him play before with such fire and enthusiasm.

Ordinarily Thomson is rather cool when playing before

the public. His style is cool and calculating. His marvelous exhibition of power never fails to bring the house down, but he seldom makes a spontaneous display of enthusiasm. It is strange! In the lessons he is a keg of powder with a live match applied to it!

At Spa everyone said: "Il tres est bien disposée au



VIEUXTEMPS.

(At the age of five.)

jourd'hui." I never cared for the Vieuxtemps D minor concerto, but as played by Thomson I found it very interesting. The first movement was given with intense dramatic fervor, the adagio with a broad, beautiful singing tone that throbbed with warmth, tenderness and religious sentiment, such as I had not thought Thomson, with his philosophical tenderness, capable of. The finale was played with astounding dash and virtuosity. The great violinist outdid himself and a thunderclap of applause shook the hall. It



VIEUXTEMPS.

(From his last photo.)

was suddenly brought to a hush by the Queen, who arose with her suite and went forward and congratulated Thomson. She said: "I wish to take away with me the memory of your playing, so I leave the concert now." She had not heard Thomson for twenty-three years, since he was seventeen years old.

The Queen certainly conferred a great honor on Thomson by congratulating him thus in the middle of the pro-

gram, but many were disappointed at the abrupt check of the applause, for they would fain have heard Thomson play an encore.

Dyna Beumer has a pleasing and sympathetic voice which she uses with facility. She has a wonderful sotto voce, which she displays most advantageously in Eckert's Echo-lied, given as an encore. She has a way of connecting the full tone and the echo without the slightest pause so that she produces very grateful effects. The echo sounded for all the world as if it came from the far-away hills. Many could not believe at first that it was the same voice and in the hall.

Anton Sistermans sang with fine sonorous voice and excellent taste.

The cellist Grützmacher has made marked progress since I heard him in Berlin a year and a half ago. His style is more matured, his tone and technic more polished. His tone is small, too small for a man of his great size and strength. He played the Saint-Saëns concerto in an artistic and finished manner and was well received.

Belgium adores Vieuxtemps, and the efforts that have been made thus far to raise funds for a monument to be erected to his memory have been very successful. It is a worthy cause and deserving of success. Vieuxtemps was a great artist. He gave great impetus to the Belgian school, far outdistancing his predecessor and teacher, de Beriot; he added much to the glory of his country; he stimulated violin playing and the love for the instrument among all musical nations, and he enriched the literature of the instrument to a great extent.

The accompanying portraits show Vieuxtemps, the one as he looked not long before his death, age sixty-one; the other at the age of five. The latter is from an original painting in the possession of a Liege gentleman, the former from a photograph.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

An Interesting Personality.—The forthcoming musical season promises to be full of activity. The United States, which is recovering from its financial stagnation, will again be the field where the foreign artists will flock to, in order to reap the golden harvest. There will be some excellent musicians among these visitors, but none of them has the interesting personality embodied in our American pianist Constantin von Sternberg, whose recitals and conversations will be one of the features of the season.

Mr. Sternberg has been one of our leading pianists for the past decade, and his powers of entertaining are unlimited. It is delightful to hear him play, and when illustrating the compositions of his program one is charmed and spell-bound. Constantin von Sternberg came here some years ago from Russia, and is now claimed as one of the foremost American artists.

The tour of Sternberg will begin in October, and is under the direction of Mr. L. Blumenberg, 108 Fifth avenue, New York.

A Lankow Pupil's European Concert.—The program is appended of a concert given in Berne on July 15 by Miss Marie van Gelder, one of the brilliantly successful pupils of Mme. Anna Lankow. Miss van Gelder, who is now under contract to sing in Amsterdam, has engaged the serious attention of the German critics, who greatly admire her voice and are intent upon following her progress. The young artist proves a fair exemplification abroad of Mme. Anna Lankow's merit and success as a teacher.

Recitativ und Arien aus Wilhelm Tell..... Rossini
Gesungen von Fräulein van Gelder.
March für Orgel..... Guilmant
Drei Albumblätter..... Schäfer
Wiegenlied..... Hess
Fräulein Marie van Gelder.
Duett aus Evangelium..... Kienl
Gesungen von Fräulein M. van Gelder und Herr Renard.
Canon in Es-dur für Orgel..... Tinel
Arie aus Zauberflöte..... Herr Renard, Tenor.
Ave Maria..... Flossheim
Gebet der Elisabeth aus Tannhäuser..... Wagner
Fräulein M. van Gelder.
Violin Duett..... Bach
Ocean-Arie aus Oberon..... Von Weber
Fräulein van Gelder.

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ARTICLE V.

(Continued.)

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE admitted frankly that he did not possess critical judgment in the matter of tone production. In other words, he was not competent to accurately criticise a vocal effort, and consequently was obliged to depend upon the opinions of others in drawing his conclusions.

This, it must be acknowledged, is not a creditable standpoint of judgment for one whose opinion might be sought in the light of expert testimony upon the subject, and should certainly prevail against the acceptance of such an one as an "eminent authority." Nevertheless, we find numerous writers at home and abroad who would have one accept such opinions as authoritative. In what other science could such a state of affairs exist?

So also one finds that Dr. Curtis, like his late professional brother quoted, has been obliged to depend upon the opinion of others in drawing his conclusions, to the extent that a critical review of his work does not disclose one idea of inherent knowledge upon the subject to savor the multiplicity of opinions that render the volume a matter of compilative testimony of so-called "eminent authorities."

To be sure, the doctor has had the opportunity for acquiring information through his pathological experience with the results of erratic vocal action, but his conclusions in this case must be based upon the doubtful testimony of these same "eminent authorities," added to opinions framed from his friendly intercourse with noted singers of equally doubtful authority.

Dr. Curtis does not affirm that he is obliged to rely upon the opinion of others in drawing his conclusions, yet one can reasonably advance the opinion, so far as can be learned from what is contained in his book, that there is nothing to prove that his opinion is less dependent than that of the more celebrated Sir Morell.

Neither can there be discerned in the material presented any evidences that might induce one to suppose that the writer was practically an intelligent singer, one who could vocally demonstrate an opinion advanced.

What one finds in Dr. Curtis' work is but a descant in comments, not the positive, logical statements of one in whom is inherent a critical judgment enhanced through the possession of intuitive vocal ability.

Hence the volume does not present anything of originality that in its dissemination would be of value to the vocal art.

Of course that part only of the volume is referred to which treats of the voice proper, the vital issue under discussion. What there is regarding "the origin of music," "tone figures" and the science of acoustics is but padding, something that has no bearing whatever upon the art of tone placing and voice building, of which latter art one may be totally ignorant although eminently conversant as regards the other subjects mentioned.

As has been before remarked, the doctor, throughout his work, has shown a kindly spirit and a desire to be of service to misled and suffering humanity; hence it is all the more to be deprecated that he has advanced the fallacy of nasal resonance, among his other theories, and advocated that vocal self-abuse, masquerading under the distinction of "dans la masque."

It is well enough established that the opinions of "eminent authorities" are not to be relied upon, for these same opinions are often radically contradictory.

As regards what may be learned in an observation of the efforts of noted vocalists, all that can be said is that the

variety of methods, manners or processes of voice production displayed by prominent singers is something appalling in the matter of vagaries, erratic movements and distortions generally of the vocal apparatus.

In the effort to substantiate opinions presented Dr. Curtis is pleased to refer to such celebrated singers as Melba, Eames, Nordica, Calvé, de Reszkés, Maurel and others.

If contradictions abound among the opinions of "eminent authorities," so called, they find a greater diversity when the vocal efforts of noted singers are taken into consideration.

Now, sad to relate, among all the above named singers there is not a semblance of what might be termed a confirmed standard in the matter of voice production, whereby can be obtained any information of value in a comparative consideration of the subject.

In the matter of tone production in the instrumental world there is a recognized and confirmed standard, and in the processes that lead to the accomplishment of a correct and flexible technic, although varying slightly in the detail sometimes, there is nevertheless a positive and logical purpose that leads to a correct and permanent development of the ability of the pupil.

In the matter of vocal effort there is no established standard whereby one may gain a correct idea of tone production that in a study of the processes employed would lead to the desired results.

To show of how little value is the testimony of noted singers regarding the matter of voice training, let us consider the efforts of a few of the most prominent public vocalists.

Take Melba's case, for instance. It must be conceded that as regards nature's gifts Melba stands almost unrivaled among the noted sopranos. She was given a superb voice, and a natural facility in execution, that, had she been always correctly trained, would have rendered her incomparable in her art. When she first came to this country there was more to praise and less to criticise in her vocal efforts than during the past two or three seasons of her appearance on our stage, during which time there has been more to criticise and less to praise, for she has deteriorated greatly during that interval.

Formerly Melba's only weakness, vocally, was a comparatively feeble condition of the middle voice, which had not been correctly placed and built. Her lower notes at that time were unforced and passably good, while her upper voice to the limit of her compass was a marvel of beauty, purity and tonal power.

Melba originally was undoubtedly an intuitive singer, like her famous predecessors Patti and Lucca, but these latter named sang intuitively correct throughout their entire compass, while Melba suffered the misfortune of a lapse as regards a correct intuition through the middle notes of her scale.

Unfortunately she never met a teacher who understood the art of voice placing well enough to direct her to an intelligent understanding of the process for placing and strengthening the middle voice, the rock upon which thousands of otherwise happily endowed singers have been wrecked.

Of late, however, Melba has been the victim of a methodical employment of the nasal effort in locating the column of air. Her middle voice has consequently sunk back upon the soft palate and has become a feeble, flabby sound with an accompanying nasal twang.

In the attempt to get more sound out of these middle notes Melba forces her voice still farther back, making a bad matter worse and complicating her lower notes to the extent that they are on the verge of relapsing into that abom-

ination entitled "a chest voice," but which would be more appropriately termed a "fog horn" voice.

A restricted action of the apparatus at times causes her to sing sharp of the pitch, even sometimes for a whole act in an opera. Then again the false placing of her middle tones causes her voice to sink below the pitch. These are items that did not appear in her former vocal efforts and can be charged to the debilitating processes of the Marchesi system, in my opinion.

Now this false and destructive process employed by Melba is the one so strongly advocated by Dr. Curtis in his volume, to wit: "The tone should be directed toward the front of the face at the base of the nostrils. If it is directed only toward the teeth it will lack that extra reinforcement given by the resonators of the nose."

In my opinion this is a most reprehensible piece of advice, the adoption and practice of which process will bring its victim to vocal destruction.

If every other item of his volume contained something helpful, this one alone would, in my estimation, destroy all the value of the doctor's work as a text-book for the student or singer.

Whoever could accomplish what the doctor advises in this regard would become a corrupt singer. To approve such results is to mark one as possessed of false judgment and corrupt taste.

This form of vocal abuse is bad enough, but when to this vagary is added the vicious conceit of closing the mouth and impeding the air through the nostrils, then is instituted a system of voice butchery that leads to debilitating results that will destroy normal action, engender disease in the membranous tissue of the nose, pharynx and larynx, and finally prostrate the vocal powers of the most vigorous apparatus.

I have yet to hear a Marchesi pupil who has had sufficient experience with her processes that did not show the debilitating and destructive effects of this vocal abuse advocated by Dr. Curtis, and exemplified by Melba in her singing—of late.

It isn't sufficient that Dr. Curtis should advise this nasal abomination, but he adds fuel to fire in a presentation of exercises for accomplishing this self-abuse.

His first instruction is the maudlin advice to "hum a tone with the mouth closed," &c. Then he brings forward the most obstructive of all consonants, *m* (the word *mau*), which throws backward, away from the focus of vibration, the column of air, until in its perversion it is divided between the mouth and the nose.

Now, this is as if the violinist should remove his bow from the proper point of contact on the string between the bridge and the end of the finger-board and place it half way between the latter position and the nut of the instrument. Imagine a violin teacher giving a pupil such advice in his effort to produce pure tone!

Of course to accomplish the result desired by Dr. Curtis the soft palate must become relaxed, an abnormal condition that forbids the proper placing of the column of air, and the consequent condition of pure tone production.

And all this rot and rubbish in Dr. Curtis' estimation produces pure tone, while in fact it has merely perverted the function of the apparatus and produced an abnormal condition, a nasal twang.

Nothing but gross ignorance regarding normal tone production can be responsible for such an egregious error, and whosoever admires the results produced by this false process is devoid of critical discernment and possessed of corrupt taste and a low standard in their attempted judgment upon such matters.

And for all this nonsense Dr. Curtis says he is indebted



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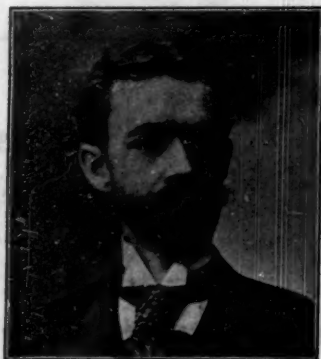


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to the stroboscope, although his friend Jean de Reszké assures him that the great problem of singing has become narrowed down to a "question of the nose."

Now, if Jean de Reszké really means what he says, then he preaches what he does not practice, for he has never in his singing exemplified this abusive process. Never has the least indication of this fallacy appeared in his vocal efforts under any condition or circumstance when I have heard him sing.

If it has become his "fad" of late, then his voice is doomed to a rapid deterioration and his occupation will soon be gone, for he is no longer in the bloom of youth, and in order to preserve his powers he must needs hold fast to the normal process of forward location that has always marked his efforts and rendered him without a rival upon the stage in this country, his skill in the display of his vocal powers being far and beyond that of any other male or female vocalist whose efforts I can recall, even more so perhaps than Plançon, who is a master of his art in most every particular.

Edouard de Reszké is as unskillful as his brother Jean is skillful, his efforts very often rendering him little less than a bellowing, erratic vocalist. I have heard Edouard de Reszké at times wofully abuse his exceptionally fine organ.

It is astonishing to me that Jean de Reszké should make such a remark as is credited to him by Dr. Curtis.

It may be that he was cognizant of the doctor's weakness as regards this abominable "fad," and wished to coddle the doctor with a pleasant and encouraging word upon the subject, for it must be admitted that this famous tenor has of late acquired the reputation of being the "great international patronizer," shifting his favors as often as complimentary preference is demanded.

Jean de Reszké is a great artist, but let him beware of the vulgar vagary of attempted nasal resonance, else the locks of his former greatness will be shorn by the hand of this vicious Delilah, and like many another one eminent in a calling, heaped with honors, at the eleventh hour he will fall by the way and be remembered only through the unfortunate conditions of his downfall.

I must say, however, that I was surprised and shocked when, in a performance of Siegfried last season, in Boston, he relapsed at times into the inartistic and vulgar practice of emitting some of those "dog howls" so dear to the heart of the vigorous, ironclad, Teutonic Wagnerian shouter. I would not have believed it if I had not with my own ears heard him offend in this manner.

Is it possible that a practice of the snout system of vocal self-abuse advocated by Dr. Curtis has already demoralized his former accurate voice placing, and that the baneful effects of a faltering, divided column of air are so soon evident? Perish the thought! But beware, oh, beware, ere it is too late!

Now, as Melba began with intuitions toward correct voice placing in the front mouth, and later relapsed into the abusive practice of attempted nasal resonance, Eames, on the contrary, began with this abominable fallacy; and later, after nearly ruining her beautiful voice, discarded its evil principles and cursed the day that she fell into the clutches of those who directed her studies upon such a vicious course.

When Eames first appeared in opera in this country I took occasion in critical reviews to warn her that her career must necessarily be a short one if she did not discard the nasal method that afflicted her vocal efforts.

Well, this abusive practice did its work so positively and rapidly that she became so well aware of her gradual

deterioration vocally that after a few years only before the public she foreswore a further employment of its debilitating and destructive processes, left the stage and went to study with a teacher whose method was diametrically opposed to that of her previous instructor.

In an interview at this time, in the Boston *Sunday Herald*, Eames' referred to her early training as erroneous, and attributed to its evil effects and those of the Marchesi system all the debility and deterioration that so unfortunately afflicted her vocal condition.

What Eames has accomplished with the new system I cannot say, for I have not heard her sing since her attempted resuscitation.

Through long experience, however, I have learned to be so distrustful of "eminent" foreign teachers, as regards their ability to correctly place and build a voice, that if Eames recent instruction has proved to be the mere exchange of one corrupt process for another equally false I shall not be surprised in the least.

I have yet to hear a voice that has been "restored" by any of the noted foreign teachers, and I have critically observed the results in many cases where singers have availed themselves of the services of these same lauded instructors. I have had the victims of such imposition attempt to prove to me through illustration that they have been benefited by their experience abroad, but it has been easy enough to convince them of the error of their conclusions when the case was properly presented to them. WARREN DAVENPORT.

(To be continued.)

Robert Coverley.

IN *Godey's Magazine* for August there is an interesting article on The Compositions of Robert Coverley, by Rupert Hughes. The White-Smith Publishing Company, of Boston, has the exclusive right to publish Mr. Coverley's music, which has attained a high degree of popularity. Mr. Hughes says: "Mr. Coverley's latest publication is an impromptu for the piano. It has the true impromptu spirit, and does not seem studied and formal, but is as whimsical as Schumann's *Grillen*. All the whims, too, are charming in themselves. The piece opens in placid beauty, interrupted by a sudden wild burst of cadenza. Thence it runs through many moods to an ending of serene beauty."

A fine example of sustained elegance and purity is a book of Ten Sketches for the piano, the first a bagatelle, beginning and ending in delicious drollery of a classic flavor, with an interlude of tenderness. The second is an exceedingly graceful tone poem, *The Windmill*. There is an Etude and a highly interesting *Elation*. Three of the pieces have a deep plaintiveness along with their simplicity, a pathetic valse, a strange little wail of melody and a Song of the Nuns. Two one-page bits are examples of the highest art, a rustic dance of the utmost fascination, and a lullaby, which contains just one period of eight measures (with an introductory, two measures). The book is ended with a *Recreation at the Monastery*, a rollicking vocalization of fine wholesomeness, with a most peaceful conclusion. This book is truly a casket of gems of the first water.

Ask Thine Heart Again is in the Tosti style, both in words and music. One of Mr. Coverley's most popular songs is a tender hammock lullaby, *For Love's Sake*. *Love for Love* is a delightfully tantalizing pastoral, and *Visions* has the distinction of being a spinning song without the usual runs, the spinning wheel effect being cleverly suggested by grace noted chords. There is a good setting of Tennyson's, *To Sleep*.

The most perfect proof of Mr. Coverley's melodic ability,

however, is surely his song *Tell Me, Fair Moon*. I do not hesitate to call it one of the most beautiful ever written. The accompaniment is becomingly simple, though it is not without scholarly touches here and there. To have smothered this divine melody in an elaborate accompaniment would have been the bad taste of painting the lily. This air unadorned is most adorned, like certain other immortal tunes, such as Schubert's *Who Is Sylvia?* Schumann's *Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh* and Jensen's *Lehn deine Wang an meine Wung*.

A Reply to Dr. Curtis.

8 WEST THIRTY-THIRD STREET,
NEW YORK, August 18, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

A RECENT communication to your valuable paper, signed H. Holbrook Curtis, M.D., contains so many mis-statements that some corrections seem necessary. I do not see that being held up as a model of bad tone production is any more of a "gross personality" than being held up as a model of good tone production, and yet Dr. Curtis thanks Mr. Brown and condemns me. If Dr. Curtis can elucidate any truth by making use of personalities concerning myself I should be glad to have him do so. I have already given Mr. Brown this permission.

In regard to "professional ethics, courtesy, &c.," which Dr. Curtis is evidently trying to hide behind, I will only quote from some private letters which I wrote him in answer to letters received from him containing this same accusation: "It ill befits one who has shown himself to be utterly wanting in etiquette or courtesy, professional or otherwise, as you have shown yourself to be, to even refer to the matter. Pray do not imagine that I would magnify any act of yours into a grievance. I have certain facts in my possession which I am ready to place before any tribunal you may choose, providing you think you have a grievance." As Dr. Curtis has accused me publicly of "an utter disregard of professional ethics," I now make this challenge public. It is true that I do not belong to the "Academy of Medicine," but I intend joining in the near future, when Dr. Curtis can air his grievance before its members if he chooses. The fact that I always receive invitations to attend their meetings would indicate that I am not held in disrepute by that body. If Dr. Curtis will take the trouble to look through the articles I have written he will find that I have never used the name of Columbia College or its faculty to substantiate any of my views. It seems to me that a deliberate mis-statement of facts of this character should call for discipline from the "Academy of Medicine." I have mentioned Professor Hallock, because for the past three years we have been associated together in an investigation of the mechanism of the voice, and I wish to give him full credit for work, which has not only been invaluable to me, but will soon be recognized as invaluable by all students in vocal science.

If Dr. Curtis objects to the use of his own name in connection with his published statements I shall be perfectly willing to use any pseudonym he may suggest in any future articles I may write. In fact I acknowledge the propriety of using a "pseudo-name" in connection with "pseudo-science" (see editorial entitled *Sarcastic Music* in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* of June 23, 1897). If Dr. Curtis will drop the study of "professional ethics," and take up that of the monochord he will find much more profit in it, both for himself and for others, especially if he intends writing on voice production. Ruskin says: "In science you must not talk before you know." FLOYD S. MUCKEY, M.D.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897.

The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

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NEWS FROM NOWHERE.

THE Bayreuth Festival ended last Thursday with a performance—the 100th—of Parsifal. Nothing was said in the cables of Emma Eames' performance of *Kundry* although it was but several weeks ago that we printed a cable dispatch announcing her appearance on the 19th of August. Did she sing *Kundry*, or if not did she sing the music of one of the flower girls? However, she is announced to sing in 1899 *Sieglinde* and *Eva*, but that's a long way off. Why didn't the Reszké brothers appear. Last winter it was confidently announced that they were to sing at Bayreuth, bidden there by the express and royal commands of Cosima, Queen Regent. What became of the scheme? What becomes of all the schemes and lies of these over-puffed, self-advertised and notoriety-hunting opera singers?

"MADE IN GERMANY."

THE phrase, so often heard in England, "made in Germany," was once used in a laudatory sense; as used nowadays it expresses the British disgust for cheap workmanship, at cutthroat prices, which floods the English market. We have always fancied that in certain things Germany stood pre-eminent—its beer, its pork and its music engraving. But, alas! for the decadence of the German "porker," the American beast is far more toothsome; while Pilsen, in Bohemia, admittedly brews the best beer on the Continent. And now the much vaunted sign, "stich und druck," in Leipzig, or Berlin, or Stuttgart, or Hamburg, is no longer a guarantee of precision, of correctness, of neatness.

We have lately received many letters full of complaints against the carelessly printed and corrected scores and parts of orchestral and band music printed in Germany. Much time is lost at rehearsals, not to speak of the bad temper engendered by the faulty and misprinted parts.

"Made in Germany" is no longer a guarantee. The Germans are getting careless, like other nations, in their scramble after wealth, and as straws show which way the wind blows the excessive carelessness manifested in the music printed for the American market only proves our assertion. Leaders of orchestras should not be subjected to the excessive annoyance of part correcting at rehearsals, for time is precious, and the orchestral player is not as a rule a patient creature, besides he needs all the time possible for actual playing. Can this nuisance be remedied, or is anything good enough for the Americans?

DAMROSCH MAY VISIT US.

YOUNG Mr. Damrosch may visit us several times this coming season. The *Sun* of last week printed this news, which is no news:

There is to be a decided change in the policy of the Symphony Society next winter, when all of the concerts to be given by that organization will be held in the afternoon. In the past, six of the twelve concerts given during each season have been held in the afternoon. These afternoon concerts were given on the day preceding the regular Saturday evening concert. This year both will be given in the afternoon. This change has been made in order that Walter Damrosch, who is to be very much occupied with the conduct of his opera company, may direct all the concerts of the Symphony Society, or as many as possible. They will, as usual, be held in Carnegie Hall. It is not improbable that some similar change may be made in the policy of the Oratorio Society.

The contract between the opera company controlled by Mr. Damrosch and Charles Ellis and the Maurice Grau Opera Company for the tenancy of the opera house next winter was signed the other day. The season, which is to commence late in the winter, will last for five weeks. In addition to the operatic performances there will be given five Sunday night concerts.

Which means, as we predicted, that there will be no Symphony Society or Oratorio Society concerts. The few incipient matinees will attract no one, for competition will be fierce this season, and musical attractions numerous. If young Mr. Damrosch thinks that he can come into New York from Philadelphia and give concerts with a scratch band, hurried rehearsals, &c., he is a misguided person. New York is tired of this sloppy sort of work; besides, have we not that wretched organization, the Philharmonic Society, to give us mediocre music? If Mr. Higginson is clever he will double the number of his concerts, reduce the prices, and give them any place but the opera house, which is unsuited for symphonic music. He could rent the Philharmonic fossils with ease if the campaign were liberally planned.

But the Damrosch matinees are a sad confession of

weakness. Better stick to Philadelphia, Walter; you will have trouble enough when you visit us with your rag, tag and bobtail opera company in January! We notice with glee that Melba is to sing in Bohemian Girl and Martha. Why not the Grand Duchess and Erminie, or even Robin Hood? Give the poor foreigners a chance! Anything rather than Melba as *Brünnhilde*.

SINCE WHEN?

HAS young Mr. Damrosch succumbed to the craze and been dubbed a "Doctor" of Music by "Doctor Palmer," or some of the other learned pundits of the musical universities of Weissnichtwo? Just read this, clipped from the Asbury Park column of the *Commercial Advertiser*:

"Dr. Walter Damrosch, of New York, is spending a few days at the Coleman."

How does it come that young "Dr." Damrosch was allowed to escape from Willow Grove, Pa.? Perhaps to get his degree at the seaside. Can it be that Founder Bradley—sinister idea!—has a mill in which musical doctorships are manufactured? And perhaps, like the neophytes of old, that degree is conferred in the water—a true baptism indeed.

Here is a paragraph which appeared in the *Sun* last week, and which demonstrates that the same humbugging game goes on in England and is not confined to the noble art of music:

The other day revelations were made about a bogus Western university, which existed only on paper, and made money by selling "degrees" abroad. Mr. Labouchere, of London *Truth*, warns Americans against an English institution of the same sort. It is called the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London. His attention was drawn to the matter by the publication in a newspaper of this city of the announcement that the rector of a church in St. Paul, Minn., had been "exalted" to the rank of a Fellow in this queer institution, and had received a silver medal from the same source. It was also stated that the award "carries with it the gown and hood and rank of a Master of Arts." As the right to confer university degrees is only granted in Great Britain by royal charter, and as a university degree presupposes the existence of a university, it is easy to see that the whole business, as carried on by the Society of Science, Letters and Art, is a mere swindle. But just as it is hard to have any sympathy for the man who buys green goods, the purchaser being as much of a knave as the seller, so it is impossible to pity a clergyman who buys a badge of learning from somebody who is vending it like a piece of merchandise.

THAT BARTH QUESTION AGAIN.

WE are in receipt of the following letter apropos of Barth:

CHICAGO, August 8, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

Looking over some back numbers of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* upon my return, I was particularly interested in the articles devoted to Barth and his pupils. In one of these editorials in your esteemed and valuable paper you give a long list of American teachers, Chicago being well represented. But surely it was an oversight to omit the name of Regina Watson. Mrs. Watson has been for twenty years past a famous teacher in Chicago, and with one exception is the only teacher of the Tausig school in America.* She has been very successful with her pupils, many of whom have held prominent positions in music in different cities of America. I need mention but two, Peter Lutkin, dean of the Northwestern University, and Professor Apel, of Detroit. Both will acknowledge how much they owe their success to Regina Watson. Yours respectfully, L. STEVENS.

The best part of this communication, we would be tempted to say, lies in the postscript, if we were not personally acquainted with the immense amount of valuable pedagogic work accomplished by Regina Watson.

We have before given our reasons for not publishing all the names of the good piano teachers of America, and we assure our correspondent that the name of Regina Watson was not purposely omitted. The very fact that she teaches the method of the greatest pianist who ever lived—we weigh our words carefully—entitles her to a consideration not to be given to the herd of foreign teachers of mushroom growth. There is Oscar Raif, for example. What has become of Raif and his famous "dumb thumb" scale? Where is the great dumb thumb pupils of this Dutchman settled in Berlin? You see we do not question Barth's ability, but we reiterate, and intend to reiterate while this journal is published, the query, What doth it profit a pupil to study abroad when so many acknowledged masters are in America?

Atmosphere? rubbish—fad? Yes, there you have it in one word, a word not yet acknowledged by grammarians. Fad, the Paderewski fad, the cycling fad, the roller skating fad, golf fad, Trilby fad and the studying abroad fad—all these are fads and bound to have their day.

When the native of the United States awakens

* The other example of the Tausig school in America is Joseffy.

some time to the fact that he can be more kinds of a damfool than the resident of any other land he may stop sending his sons and daughters to Europe to study music. Until then we propose to remind him of his snobbishness.

OPERA IN THE VERNACULAR.

The production in Berlin of an Italian opera previously unknown there moved a number of the critics to comment on the fact that while two new works by Italian composers had been heard within a few days, the creations of many native composers were ignored in Berlin. Puccini's *Bohème* was given in the summer theatre of the Royal Opera Company, of course under state patronage. The second Italian work referred to, *A Basso Porto*, was sung by a private company. The occasion inspired some of the critics to ask why the operas of Richard Strauss, Eugen d'Albert and Schilling were compelled to wait so long before the Royal Berlin Opera House officially noticed their claims. The latest Italian opera is said to have met with a very friendly reception. It is taken from a play of life among the lower classes living about the lower port of Naples. As a drama the piece has already won success in several German cities. Much of the success of the play in operatic form is said to be due to the very effective arrangement of the dramatic material. The composer, Nicola Spinelli, has been especially praised for his gift of melody, and the first two acts of the opera, as well as an intermezzo to the last act, are reported to have been uncommonly effective. It was in the short third act of the opera that the composer's talents were shown to the least advantage.

THE above excerpt recently clipped from a lengthy article in the *Sun* serves simply as a reminding emphasis of the American situation with regard to opera, which finds the American field not only barred against the works of the American composer, but equally well fenced against the introduction of any operatic works of novelty whatever.

The American field alluded to is naturally the stage of opera at the Metropolitan, the Reszké-Grau operatic centre. Mr. Grau is printed as a pendent to the Reszkés and their friends, for the world well knows that his position as manager is merely nominal. He manages nobody of supposed importance. He is himself managed and dominantly managed—as the stoppage in music progress most sadly shows—by the standstill, slim repertory limits of the Reszkés.

The Berlin critics complain against the exclusion of the native composer. Americans pay four times the money for opera paid by the Germans, and not only have kept despairingly silent for years at the exclusion of the American composer, but have accepted and endured as novelties the few old French operas of which M. Jean Reszké has acquired the principal tenor roles, out of due policy for his first French patron and standby, Massenet.

Our American "novelties" as presented were Massenet operas, with the one exception of Bemberg's *Elaine*. Jean Reszké got his first prominent Paris appearance in Massenet's *Herodiade*, out of which—principally because of his duly matched physique—he made a success. The Paris press commented favorably upon this suitable physique at the time, but said little of voice, since there was little of voice to talk about. Nevertheless, on one score or another, Reszké gratified Massenet, and Massenet, with his accustomed personal enthusiasm, always flanked by weighty Parisian influence, followed the tenor up by valuable favors. Whereupon Jean Reszké thought he would return this valuable show of interest by studying the principal Massenet operas, wherewith he might a fifth of a century later throw a sop to the gullible American public, presenting them as interesting "novelties."

The other "novelty" given us has been Bemberg's *Elaine*, a piece of flimsy tinsel trash stuff, which it was laughable to hear given on a stage with the claims of the Metropolitan. This poor tissue of comic opera jingle Mr. Grau accepted, where he would reject the most gifted and interesting score from the pen of any American composer. The case was simply that M. Reszké and Madame Melba, his friend, could sing it. They knew it by heart already; they also knew M. Bemberg by heart in Paris. *Ergo*, since these singers were ready to do it without trouble and in the sentimental cause of friendship, New York could accept it as a novelty and be thankful to get it with such a group of singers in the cast. Because—such has been the unwritten but practiced law of opera at the Metropolitan—not for art but for artists is opera to be brought forward, for their pockets, their voices, or both.

It is how they sing, not what they sing, which is to be of any importance whatever, and even as far as how they sing goes that will soon cease to be of any importance either, once a name has been established

for a blindly believing public. These singers won't study. They have a manager under their thumb who will accept any dictum from them whatever and they have a confiding, credulous public at his back. "Why should we waste time or trouble for such a situation?" they say to themselves. And naturally they don't.

There will never be any sustained operatic success in America, never any genuine operatic interest, and above and beyond all things positively no operatic progress, until opera shall be given in the vernacular. Opera must be sung in English if any live interest is to be maintained or any native musical talent stimulated. Let the one-tongued foreigner—he may be two-tongued or multi-tongued, but he will never be found to be English-tongued—stick to his native soil and chant to his favorite European audiences, in their separate languages, which he has found it compulsory to understand before their stages would give him even a footing. Let the only American chance for a foreigner be in a case of superior merit and where the singer has found it well worth while to study the English tongue with diligent care and learn to sing in it successfully. Wipe out the foreigner with his insulting ignorance of English, leave him just all the space he can get on the European Continent and you clear up the entire situation. New York, America's operatic headquarters, will be placed on the same characteristic footing which obtains in the leading cities of Europe.

France, it is universally known, has her grand opera in French in Paris, Germany hers in German in Berlin, and—Italy, with her Italian, goes without saying; and Russia, even Russia, has her opera in Russian at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Here is New York alone among great cities, the metropolis, as it is, of a vast continent, a continent whose only beacon lies in the charging of every step, small or great, with progress; a continent which spends upon music a harvest of gold as compared with the copper of other countries, and is yet content to sit down and accept, through the medium of a petty ring of monstrously paid singers, the stale crumbs from the European table.

Wipe out the foreigner and the American composer gets the first impetus of his career. So far the strongest men we have among us reject the title of "American composer" as an anomaly. They are right. Because a man happens to pen music in Boston or Cincinnati, music in which the people of the country take not even a fractional show of interest, is he by this reason an American composer?

A German composer, likewise a French or an Italian, is a man who writes first for the people of his own country in music always wedded to their own tongue. The man who has the heart to write anything in America to-day feels he is writing for no country and for no people. Were he to bring forth a gem of genius combining all the gifts of a Wagner and a Mozart, he would have a better chance for its production in China or Polynesia than in any one corner of America. With Mr. Maurice Grau at the Metropolitan, governed supremely by the Messrs. Reszké and their eight or ten French operas, the American composer could not get one note of his work heard upon the stage.

Does anyone suppose that the brothers Reszké would sit down and study a work which might mark an era in American music and prove a proud pioneer in opera for the country which has enriched them, however powerfully they were convinced of its possibilities? Why, never by the ghost of a chance. These gentlemen have time for study or interest in nothing which is not Reszkéism financial policy and the fine art of repetition.

There does exist in America to-day an ignoble system of barter and sale, to be negotiated with Mr. Walter Damrosch, whereby a composer of any opera—quality makes no difference—can obtain for his work one hearing under Mr. Damrosch's baton for the cost of about \$4,000. Xaver Scharwenka, a musician of fine capacity, now identified with American music, had his *Mataswintha* produced in this way. Bruno Oscar Klein did not propose to pay the same for *Kenilworth*, particularly after Hamburg had taken the work on its merits and the late powerful prima donna Klafsky had sung its leading soprano role. New York has therefore heard only some vocal and orchestral excerpts from the opera.

Mr. Damrosch, thanks to his position, was able to

put on his own *Scarlet Letter* at a minimum cost. Considering the opportunities for repetition had the opera been a success, it would appear almost fatalistic that Mr. Damrosch was not obliged in the first case to lay down the \$4,000 in his own cause, which he feels compelled to demand from his clients. The poor, ordinary individual can have no repetitions without more thousands of dollars, and where the man of true genius and dignity is beguiled into expending one \$4,000 for the joy of seeing and hearing once his work in its full uniform upon the stage, he is also at liberty to digest the truth that any man who comes along with a score in one hand and \$4,000 in the other can do exactly the same thing; let his opera be drivel as great or greater than was ever heard upon the stage.

Nothing but a case of ruinous purchase here for the American composer, purchase financially destructive and from the artistic standpoint a degradation, since selection or comparison have had weight against the lump sum of \$4,000, by which the man of no worth as well as some worth can buy the stage, singers, Mr. Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra for one night's performance.

Opera in English and the stamping out of the foreigner; in this we have our one outlook for artistic progression, home growth and permanent prosperity. No other move will make a fraction of difference in the vitiated situation. There is no other path open by which America may ever have a chance, and this path is a wide one, and endless just now as far as may be seen.

HE GOT ONE THOUSAND.

HERE are some facts and figures from the London *Daily News* of August 6:

We are constantly reminded of the successes in operatic life, but we hear very little of its mistakes. The fact, for example, is not at all generally known, though we have it upon direct authority, that ten years ago M. Jean de Reszké was willing to make his first London appearance as a tenor at the Royal Italian Opera at the very moderate fee of £30 a night, and that Señor Lago refused the offer. Had he accepted it Sir Augustus Harris would never have had a chance of entering upon the management of Covent Garden, and the whole history of opera within the last decade must have been rewritten. Señor Lago, however, then had Gayarré and other artists, and did not wish to add to his company; so M. de Reszké passed, at we believe a higher salary, to Drury Lane. He now, in London, commands ten times the original fee he originally asked from Señor Lago.

Four years later it was the turn of Señor Lago. In the session of 1891 Harris had all the scenery and dresses prepared for the production at Covent Garden of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but as his prima donna list was very full he did not see his way to engage the then altogether unknown artist, Madame Calvé, for the chief part. Lago accordingly secured the first performance of Mascagni's opera for the Shaftesbury. In the following year Harris engaged Calvé at a far higher rate than she asked in 1891. Similar instances are, indeed, not uncommon in operatic history. Madame Patti, for example, was in negotiation in 1891 with Mr. Mapleson, when she was snapped up by the elder Gye. What would have been the result had Patti been lost to Covent Garden may easily be surmised.

Now here is another illustration of how a man's lie finds him out. The *Daily News* tells us that Reszké gets \$1,000 a night when he sings in London. Last season he sang sixteen times. Do your own multiplication. In America he averages nearly \$3,000 a performance, and consider how often he sings; never less than twice a week, and often three and four times—"just to oblige," as the papers sweetly put it. Why in the name of honesty should Reszké be paid more in America than in London? The climate here is more salubrious, we do not have any fogs, nor are there so many stupid music critics as in London? Yet, he gets one-third less for his work there than here, and on the Continent—when he can secure an engagement at only \$500 a night. This is a nation of "suckers!"

THE THRIFT OF WAHNFRIED.

LAST year we called attention to the fact that the inhabitants of Bayreuth had been transformed into a set of hungry sharks thirsting for the blood of the unsuspecting visitor. The London letter of the *Sun* last Sunday deals with particulars, as the subjoined paragraphs will show. We wonder is Cosima Regina allowed a percentage from the hotels and lodging houses? Such things have happened, and in her veins courses the thrifty blood of her maternal grandfather, the Jewish banker of Frankfort. Read this:

Some criticisms are beginning to be heard with regard to the difficulties and expense which Wagner pilgrims encounter in their annual visits to the shrine at Bayreuth. The simplicity and bohemian character of the life there during the festival have been one of the chief charms of the place. It seems that these are in danger of disappearing. "The curse of the Ring," writes a visitor, "has fallen

on Bayreuth. The place where is played the great drama of anti-convention is now besieged by the hosts of the conventionalists. The really charming life of the place—a life which centres in the most engaging way round the theatre in the pine woods—is descending to the level of a society function. This year royal highnesses and serene highnesses have been as plentiful as blackberries, while such names as those of the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Queensberry, Lady Battersea, and many another have given to the Ring and to Parsifal the blessing of Belgravia.

"The result has been what might have been expected. There is still a certain freedom of dress, but it is the freedom of the 'smart sets.' You can still see young ladies seated on a plow in a corn field, cramming the Götterdämmerung between the acts in the twilight; but their frocks are of the daintiest and seem to me to be changed half a dozen times a day, quite in the Trouville and Homburg fashion. And you hear round you the echoes of the empty chatter you left London to avoid. Poor Wagner! What would he have thought of it?"

"Prices, of course, have leaped up to suit the 'smart' people. I should say they are from 35 to 50 per cent. higher than they were last year, or certainly at the previous festival. For two small rooms my wife and I paid 15 marks a night. The food is no better than it usually is in Germany, but it is much dearer. One of the big Berlin restaurants (very well appointed and with good cooking) has established itself near Wagner's house, the famous Villa Wahnfried. Three friends of mine had for lunch there a *Châteaubriand garni*, some fritters, some fruit (peaches) and a bottle and a half of the cheapest wine in the place. The bill came to 37s. 9d. (\$9.18). Of course most of the restaurants do not reach these terrifying figures, but you cannot get even a scant and moderately cooked dinner for much less than 5s. (\$1.25), exclusive of wine."

A RESZKE RELATIVE DEAD.

A DISTINGUISHED relative of Jean Reszké has passed away to a better world, where, we hope, there are no tenors. The following sad news was cabled to the *Herald*:

MARQUIS DE MALLY-NESE DEAD.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

PARIS, August 19, 1897.—Marquis de Mally-Nesle, former husband of the wife of M. Jean de Reszké, the celebrated opera singer, is dead.

The marriage of M. de Reszké to the Comtesse de Mally-Nesle took place on October 29 last in Paris. The divorce of the Comtesse was obtained several years before her marriage to M. de Reszké, but the sanction of the Pope to the second marriage was not granted until last autumn.

We believe that the name of the unhappy deceased gentleman was De Mally-Nesle, no Mally, as was cabled, but the typographical slip cannot bother him now, neither can the fact that his wife is married to the highest paid tenor in America. He leaves a child, and it must have worried him to think that the world will always speak of it as a Reszké. But let the unlucky marquis rest; he had not a baritone tenor, hence his fate. We tender our condolences to Madame Reszké.

As to the Papal dispensation, we know that it was never granted. The marriage was purely a civil one, the mairie of the Batignolles district marrying the couple. Of course there will now be a big ecclesiastical function, and the blessing of Pope Leo will be granted to the young couple. Jean never loses a chance to advertise himself, and a fashionable wedding in the Madeleine, a fashionable gathering and all that will send off the season of 1898 quite nicely.

Naturally he will wear black for the marquis, and he may sing Dan Daly's favorite mortuary lyric, And the Blow Almost Killed Father.

Lucky dogs, these manufactured tenors, are they not?

Banner-Levy.—Michael Banner, the violinist, married Louise Levy last week and the couple sailed for Europe on the Palatia August 21.

Dead.—Mr. Charles Wesley Iseman, a talented young musician, and for several years a member of the George M. Lowrey Publishing Company, 13 Astor place, this city, died last week in Middletown, N. Y., at the home of his father, ex-Mayor John E. Iseman. His age was twenty-two years. —*Sun*.

Is Tired of Walter.—It is not improbable that Walter Damrosch and his orchestra will try and make a summer season of demi-classic music pay in New York next year. At any rate, he certainly will not go down to Philadelphia. They positively refuse down there during the present summer to accept Wagner, even when diluted with a little Bizet or the lighter Audran. Mr. Damrosch is an excellent musician, but he generally shows mighty poor judgment in making up programs for the people. I hear some gossip to the effect that next season Mr. Damrosch, with the members of a syndicate especially formed for the occasion, will make an onslaught on New York somewhat on the order of that made by the Metropolitan Orchestra playing this year on the Madison Square Roof. It would be a splendid thing for the pockets of Mr. Damrosch's backers if the young director would only take pattern by Sousa, think a little bit less of art, and give people what they want and in just the way they want it. When you come to think of it, that's the way people make money in any line of business. —*Telegraph*.



TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN.

Hark! 'Tis the golden trumpets of the dawn sounding the day!

Music, O music fair!

From rosy reaches drawn,

And full of silver rain,

Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!

Sound, sound again

O magical refrain!

Peal on peal winding through the dewy air;

Peal on peal answering far off and fair;

Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare!

Sound, sound again

With your delicious pain

O sweet, wild haunting strain,

Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams

And the heart break with gladness loosed from dreams!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford*.

A YOUNG woman, a rabid Wagnerite I suspect, wrote me a letter last week, in which she put the following embarrassing question:

"If you only had a week to spend on earth, would you spend it with Brahms or Chopin?"

Now I had read something of this sort before in a play by Björnson Björnsterne and in a story by Mr. R. H. Davis. The latter, of course, never knew of the Scandinavian's impertinent anticipation of the second story, so I simply replied to the question in this manner:

"Bach." So much for being Irish.

Canon Harford's privately printed Epigrammatica, says the *Saturday Review*, contains one of the happiest German epigrams (turning on the punning use of "Allen") which we have ever met with. It is inscribed "To Heron Allen, a bright young friend who praised very strongly some music I had sent him."

Man sagt dass Keiner hat's gethan,
Der ganzen Welt gefallen.
Falsch ist es, weil ich sagen kann
Ich bin gelobt von Allen.

The Heron Allen referred to was at one time in New York and distinguished himself by writing a bad book about fiddles and a book about Cheirosophy. He was also a friend of Cheiro, the palmist. Need I say any more?

The note of this latter end of the century, indeed the characteristic note of the entire century, is the personal one. We find it in painting; never was subjectivity carried to such lengths in verse before; and in music the exploitation of personality is a truism, and this includes a Richard Wagner as well as any long haired virtuoso whose principal stock in trade is his personal magnetism. The point of view in criticism is personal, and M. Brunetiere is vainly striving to stem this torrent in Paris. If a man models a statue he manages to inject into it some personal idiosyncrasy, so that the critics exclaim: "Surely that is Rodin." In music, creative music, we are deluged with it, and it seems as if the Greek-like impersonality of the classic composers is indeed a thing of the past, a lost art.

The symphony, as a form of musical expression, has become too much of a hamper for our modern tone heroes. The freer the form the greater the capability for personal expression, the easier the temperament may reveal itself, and at any cost.

I have never been the upholder of conventionality, and have ever decried the deadly petrification of some of the older forms; but nevertheless the law and order party have much to argue in its favor when it cries aloud at the abuse of the personal element in art. Of the virtuoso I will not speak at length. At its highest development reproductive art can be placed next to creative work, yet there is a dividing line, let Oscar Wilde argue ever so subtly as to the function of criticism. The personal equation in the virtuoso is a foremost factor; without

personality he is apt to become a metronomic echo, a mere pendant to the robe of tradition, a voice lacking fluidity and authority.

Personality carries the day in reproductive art, granting, of course, a moiety of reverence in the individual; but in creative art this overplus of the ego, this enormous striving for the expression of personal peculiarity, has reached the point at which the deep, underlying principles of art are ruthlessly swept aside and hysteria is the dominating note. You need but listen to latter day music to realize what extravagances are tolerated for the sake of individuality. Mascagni, for example, does the most commonplace things with his material, but he manages to obtrude his profile into his work; his feverishness is mistaken for the true Promethean fire, and he is put on a tripod and every musical syllable that falls from his lips is listened to as oracular.

Somehow the oracle has been overworked lately, for we find several of his fellow students outstripping him in the race. Leoncavallo has infinitely more to say, Puccini is more versatile, and Pizzi has more orchestral skill. But Mascagni was first in the field with his personality, and he filled the public eye for a time.

In Germany you find the brilliant Richard Strauss attracting attention to his musical canvases by their high tintings, by the trick of clever handling of motifs, in a word by the "How" and not by the "What." In the background looms the somewhat shadowy, because impersonal, figure of Brahms, a great musical thinker, a man who is not endowed with the glib tongue of some of the younger men, but who has nevertheless the Olympian manner. When he speaks the ground trembles, for he has some of the magic of Beethoven, but then he often lacks personal charm, and consequently is not the favorite of the concert room. But after you have clambered up the rugged and forbidding slopes of his music you will find in secret crannies the sweetest flowers, strangely perfumed, but without the intoxicating, musk-like order of the artificial growths in the musical hothouses down below. There are higher peaks in the chain of musical mountains than Brahms, but a wholesome, bracing air sweeps his heights. His is no conservatory of half-whispered sentimentalisms. He is impersonal in his symphonic works, yet curiously intimate in his songs. Strauss-Brahms, there you have the extreme in schools, and it is easy to prophesy that the sturdy power of the Hamburg master will outlive the skyrocket brilliancies of the younger man.

We need not controvert the fact that a great individuality is the underlying essence of a great work of art. Without personality music would lack the savor of charm, variety, strength. But that this same personality should be obtruded at every turn, that personal mannerism should disturb the proportion, symmetry, balance and form of a symphonic work, is to ask too much. The older ideals of purity of outline, exquisite finish, correct values are not to be lightly passed over. Beauty in music is an aim, and to those who answer that truth is greater than beauty I reply that they cannot be differentiated.

There are some themes which musical art at least should not touch. Degas, by virtue of a peerless technic, may give us pleasure when he paints the back of a poor old washerwoman. Now, the back of this labor-worn creature is not a beautiful sight in nature, but as seen by Degas and interpreted for us on his canvas it becomes a genuine art product. But I do not believe that washerwomen's backs should be considered in the realm of music. Music is the most ideal of the arts, yet the most real. This Schopenhauer very accurately pointed out when he grouped all the other arts in the representative class, while music he alone called a presentative art. The washerwoman's back is getting into music, and it is the composer of personality who is trying to force it there. Wagner has been accused of making ugly music, *per se*, when he puts into the mouths of *Mime* or *Alberich*, *Fafner* or *Fasolt* certain utterances. But these utterances are always characteristic, truthful. Indeed Wagner it was who, with all

his sweeping license, formulated the idea that art has its boundaries and that dramatic-musical art is restricted to the expression of certain subjects. The myth, Wagner declared, is only fit for treatment in the music drama. His realism is veiled, is romanticism after all.

It is an age of technical feats, but the technic is the technic of destruction, and not of construction. We are tearing down, not building up, but it behooves us to pause amid the smoke of crumbling art work, and ask whether we can build edifices as worthy. We are well saturated with the cant phrases of the ultra school of self propagandists. We know that individualism is their war cry and their shibboleth. Individualism is the salt of art, but evolution in art has not been a thing of a day or a year. A fanatical mob may destroy in a few hours the precious treasures of the Louvre, and then we might be told that the act was a personal expression of liberty, that the individual should not be cramped. The huge cathedral of tone which has been slowly building since the advent of man in the quaternary geologic period, is not to be overturned or replaced by any works of recent years. Each composer adds his mite; a Chopin composes an exquisitely fashioned prize, while a Bach invents that Gothic arch in tone—the fugue. A Beethoven builds the lofty dome, yet the structure will never be completed. We are complacently told that the work of some petty sculptor of grinning gargoyles is the end-all and be-all of the art—that he has said something new, and has wreaked his personality in the attempt. There is nothing new; all is the development, the evolution of a primal idea. Bach builded on others, Beethoven builded on Bach and Brahms builded on Beethoven. The apostles of the shriek in music will not, perhaps cannot, realize this, so we see them sweep away the grammar of tone and attempt to replace it by the wild versification of conceited immaturity.

The most sacred thing is our personality. It must be treated reverently. But license must not be mistaken for liberty. The truly free mind, the emancipated man and woman, know the limitations that hedge about them. "By his limitations we know the master," sang the great German poet; and is not Goethe's own life a magnificent example of an exuberant personality controlled by culture? Why is it the truly great ones of this earth give us in their work something of the elemental repose that we find in nature? We get the ground swells of passion, of pain, of pathos; but as the tides are controlled by a superior force, so the superb energy of genius is controlled and compelled into channels of beauty.

But not so with the disciples of the exploitation of self in art. To be sure we cannot all be Beethovens or Goethes, but we can emulate, even in an infinitesimal degree, the supreme repose, the devotion to the loftiest ideals, the nobility of expression, and, lastly, the sinking, the abandonment of the petty, selfish side of one's personality. The apostle of the shriek in music believes otherwise, and so for a time we are dinned by his shriek. But then his penny whistle is soon swallowed in the cosmical music of a master—and thus do such schools appear and vanish. The personal equation in music is important; but remember that temperament is a very good servant and a very bad master. Never forget that life is short and art is long, and to reverently study the masterpieces of musical art will force upon one the consciousness of the grandeur and beauty of the work of those who have gone before.

I found the following in the *Sun* last week:

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

To the Editor of The Sun:

SIR—With reference to the news item in your Sunday issue headed Story of a War Song, and dated from Windom, Minn., speaking of the man who composed the music for Whittier's song, We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong, I have to say: It is my impression that J. S. Gibbons, who at one time resided at 55 West Forty-seventh street, this city, was the author of the words. I have a portion of a line in his handwriting, as a contribution to my collection of autographs, and which was received in October, 1890.

W. E. MITCHELL.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1897.

The writer is correct. J. S. Gibbons was the author, and James Gibbons, who happened to be my grandfather, wrote the answer, an answer that nearly

cost him his liberty, for war time Democrats (i. e., copperheads) were not popular in 1863. One verse of this reply read:

We are coming, Abraham Lincoln,
From mountain, wood and glen;
We are coming, Abraham Lincoln,
With the ghosts of murdered men.
Yes, we're coming, Abraham Lincoln,
With curses loud and deep,
That will haunt you in your waking
And disturb you in your sleep.

The balance of the poem was much stronger, and was actually published in the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* April 23, 1863. It is a wonder the newspaper building wasn't burned or sacked.

It is a terrible thing to have such a grandfather, for he was also the vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood at the time the lately deceased Mr. Roberts was president, and participated in the famous attack on Great Britain via Canada. So am I to blame for my rebellious blood? Another grandfather that I had—speaking of grandfathers—nearly brought my bald head in sorrow to the grave. He was organist about a century ago at the old Dutch Church somewhere in Philadelphia, and he wrote hymns full of consecutive fifths.

It is hard for one not to have the selection of one's grandparents, is it not?

Here is a letter of Arthur Schopenhauer's that I never saw before. All Wagner lovers and students of the great German philosopher will enjoy it I am sure. The letter is addressed to Professor Erdmann:

FRANKFURT, April 9, 1851.

"ESTEEMED HERR PROFESSOR—As the object in whose furtherance you require the information demanded by your letter must necessarily be of interest to me, I feel that I am under some sort of obligation to fulfill your wishes in that respect, although I do not countenance in the least the passion of the public to fluctuate from the subject matter to the person, and although I have always endeavored to keep my own personality in the background.

"In the following lines you will find a few biographical pointers, such as, I think, are most likely to meet your demands:

"I was born in Dantzig on February 22, 1788; my father was one of the most prominent merchants of that city and my mother was Johanna S., who afterward attained celebrity through her writings. I pass by the Evangelium Infantiae, which would carry us to France and England, and report that I entered the University of Göttingen in 1809, where I attended the lectures on Natural Science and History until, in my second semester, I was made alive to the beauties of philosophy by listening to the lectures of G. C. Schulze [author of *Ænesidemos*, a book which attacks Kant's Critique of Pure Reason from the standpoint of the skeptic.—Editor.] Schulze advised me, and advised me well, to employ the time I had for private study solely in the mastering of the works of Plato and Kant, and never to look at any other great author until I had fully mastered them. He especially warned me against the study of Aristotle or Spinoza. I followed this advice to the letter, and found it sound and agreeable.

"In 1811 I took my domicile in Berlin, expecting to make the acquaintance of a true philosopher and a great genius in the person of Fichte.

"This *a priori* reverence of mine soon changed to contempt and scorn, but, nevertheless, I sat through my semester already engaged for. In 1813 I made preparations to pass my final examinations at the Berlin University, but was driven from there by the war; in the fall of that year I was in Thuringia, and, finding it impossible to return to Berlin, I was forced to seek promotion to the rank of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Jena by my treatise on *Der Satz vom Grunde*. [In which the author laid down the logical basis of his future system.—Editor.] The winter following I spent in Weimar, where I saw much of Goethe; indeed, I became as intimate with him as the difference in our ages, thirty-nine years, permitted; his influence on me was entirely wholesome. Friedrich Mager, the Orientalist, at about the same time introduced me into the realms of Ancient India, without asking my permission to do so, and this study has had material bearing on my future scientific life.

"From 1814 to 1818 I lived in Dresden without fol-

lowing any especial profession, but devoting myself to studies on all sorts of subjects at the library and art museum. During that period I spent much time in the beautiful environs of Dresden in fruitful meditation. My treatise on Sight and Color, which appeared in 1816, is remarkable as an episode and example of the ambitions and aspirations that governed me at the time. During this four years' stay in Dresden it happened that my philosophical system, crystal-like, converging to a *centro* through the inherent power of cohesive attraction, solidified in my head without any special effort on my part, as set forth in the first volume of my principal work, *The World Considered as Will and Idea*, 1819 edition. My literary and scientific achievements have not been inspired by books, but my coming in contact with the world. As soon as I had delivered the manuscript to the publisher in the fall of 1818 I entered upon a journey to Rome and Naples. When I returned, in the spring of 1820, I established myself at the Berlin University, where my name was now registered, prefaced by the title of doctor in the same manner as if I had matriculated there. I lectured during the first semester of my residence, and never afterward. In the spring of 1822 I again went to Italy, to return after three years to Berlin, where I have since figured as one of the university lecturers, though I never gave a reading.

"In the year 1830 I published a revised edition of my treatise on Sight and Color in the Latin language, for the benefit of foreigners; this work has been incorporated into the third volume of the *Scriptores Ophthalmologicæ Minores*. The cholera drove me from Berlin in 1831; I intended to make only a temporary stay here, but have stuck to the place simply because I liked the climate, and the comforts offered are to my taste.

"My treatise on *The Will in Nature* appeared here in 1836, nearly eighteen years after my last previous work left the press. Being deeply chagrined on account of the indifference with which my work, *The World Considered as Will and Idea*, was treated, and also disgusted at the glorification of Hegel (verbatim, Hegelgloria), I wrapped myself up in the silence of indignation, and did not publish anything in the period from 1818 to 1836 aside from the Latin adaptations above mentioned. Ueber den Willen in der Natur is a work of inconsiderable absolute but great specific value, inasmuch as it proclaims the kernel of my metaphysics, the real *nervus probandi*, of the thing in a more exhaustive manner than any other treatise I have written. Afterward in 1838 and 1839 I made answer to the two Scandinavian prize queries. My treatises on these subjects appeared in 1841, under the title of *Grundpobaeme der Ethik* (The Main Problems of Ethics). In 1844 the second edition of my chef d'œuvre [*The World Considered as Will and Idea*—Editor] was published, augmented by my new additions to such an extent as to double its original size. In 1847 my dissertation that made me a doctor appeared in much improved form.

"I have had the good fortune, quite an inestimable boon for a man of my calibre, to always have my bread and butter assured me and never to be forced to work for money or to hanker after office. These circumstances permitted me to use my time and talents undisturbedly and gave me that attitude of independence without which such works as mine cannot be successfully launched.

"I hope, dear Herr Professor, I have covered more ground in these notices and given you more material to work on than you need. I did this in order to give you plenty to select from, for, as you declare the honesty of your purpose, I felt bound to accede to your demands to my fullest capacity. Please accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER."

The first husband of Schopenhauer's mother was a Jewish banker, to whom she was married in her youth. She was therefore twice a widow—the elder Schopenhauer is said to have hanged himself—and got into Goethe's fatal clutches. Her father's name was Trosina. Arthur hated his mother, and openly accused her of infidelity to the memory of his father—her second husband.

A queer man, Arthur Schopenhauer, a woman hater, and something worse, if gossip is correct, and

a lover of Rossini's music. This last always grated on Wagner, for if ever the pessimist had a worshiper, it was Richard. Later, Nietzsche fell into an attitude of adoration, but it didn't last long; nothing lasts long with Nietzsche, not even Nietzsche.

We were dining at the Reichs-Adler, writes Francis Neilson from Bayreuth, some nights ago. I quoted a line or two of Shakespeare.

"The funeral baked meats coldly furnished for the wedding table."

"Where is that from?" asked Seidl.

"Hamlet," I replied.

"Ah, the English version, of course!"

Here is another Seidl story sent me from the same source: Seidl, ever sedate, only monosyllabic on great occasions, and chaffed about it by Wagner, caught cold after rehearsing the orchestra here when he was with Wagner. He could not utter a sound next morning, and wrote to Wagner of his indisposition. Wagner called on him.

"Well, what's the matter?" Seidl tried to say, "Lost my voice," but could not produce a sound.

"Ah," said Wagner, "you have been talking too much."

George Moore, the novelist, was at Bayreuth; so was the Princess of Wales, who is a personal friend and admirer of Seidl. J. F. Runciman, the music critic of the *Saturday Review*, told my correspondent that he intends visiting America to start an American edition of the *Review*. He is a nice sort of man to visit us. Why, he expects New York is a backwoods city where they do not shoot the poor pianist because he hates Brahms. And what a pig-stye he expects to find here in our opera house! Dear me, Mr. Runciman, hadn't you really, really better stay in dear old Lunnun? the atmosphere here might prove too rarified for your cultured lungs. But if you do come, for God's sake don't you tell us that Händel—dear old 'Andie, you know—is greater than Beethoven. If you do you'll be shot down in the streets, and serve you jolly well right.

Henry Waller has been pursuing his studies in orchestration with the utmost success. The Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra recently played two exceedingly effective orchestral versions of Grieg's piano music, the selections being from his op. 19, the first number *On the Mountains*, and the slow movement of the *E minor sonata*, op. 7, in C. Both of these paraphrases revealed Mr. Waller's strong sense of color and happy feeling for the intimate qualities of the various instruments. His own *Dance of the Sun Feast* would delight Dvorák, for it is uncompromisingly Indian—North American Indian—in its rhythms and themes.

Waller has just completed a one act comic opera, *The Mouse and the Garter*, and I can vouch for the cleverness of the music—a tarentella, or was it a saltarello? and a bear dance catching my fancy at once. It will be seen at the Astoria next winter.

The young composer is one of the few pianists who commands the triceps touch beloved of William Mason. When this Liszt pupil hits the solar plexus of the instrument it sings like an orchestra. I am very glad he has not given up piano playing, for he is already a master of it. He told a funny incident apropos of his Weimar days. With a friend he played the Rubinstein staccato study in C, and the pair made such a noise that it was rumored in Lisztville that a new and remarkable pianist had come to town. Never had there been heard such a tone, such a tempo, such endurance, and the young blacksmiths of the Liszt Piano Foundry hung around Waller's hotel in groups and wondered, and drank beer and wondered. When Waller went forth he was the observed of all and he was haunted for weeks by the boys who wanted to learn how he managed to play the study so prodigiously, but he kept the secret well until now.

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Mrs. Etta Edwards.

BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
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ONE of the most earnest, and therefore interesting artists who visited London this season is Mrs. Etta Edwards. On a previous visit to Europe she had the advantage of a year's study with the famous Delle Sedie, of Paris, which is certainly an opportunity for anyone who is seriously trying to get the best in voice production and artistic singing.

One can imagine what strides in advance were taken by Mrs. Edwards in this season which proved to her a gradual unfolding of her natural talents. Delle Sedie is one of the most sympathetic teachers to be found anywhere, and his interest was a further incentive to Mrs. Edwards to gain those principles which are so clearly set forth in his system of voice production, and afterward to be able the better to interpret the songs and airs which she sung in concert and church work. Here she learned that the voice is only a medium of expression, and she could not use her gift of song to the fullest extent until she had overcome the difficulties of voice production and was able to give her full attention to the meaning of the words. Being of a studious nature it was easy for her to give that concentration of thought to her work which alone enables the singer to make people feel that which the artist sings.

Consequently in the preparation of any song that is to be given in public she makes a careful study of every phrase, so as not only to present it so that it is pleasing from a vocal standpoint, but that her diction and interpretation shall be such as to go to the hearts of all who hear her. This is the true success of good singing.

A year's work in the way of singing, and in teaching others how to sing, has done a great deal to further impress upon her mind the principles which she gained in her study abroad; and some things which were naturally not very clear to her became so through actual experience. She thirsted again, however, for more study in Europe, that she might still further enlarge in the way of traditional work in oratorio and English diction. She had heard that Signor Randegger was an authority on these subjects, and consequently she placed herself under his charge. Her lessons with this professor during the past summer have been a source of great satisfaction to her; for to study a role in oratorio under this great teacher is a revelation.

In the first place he has made more of a study of traditional reading of the masterpieces than probably anybody living, and being a composer and conductor himself is able to use his experience so that it has been of great value to those artists who have sought his help in the preparation for their careers. Mrs. Edwards has found this very beneficial in the way of the devotional interpretation of the airs which are so often sung in church.

Not only has she studied these so as to be able to render them as each should be individually, but so broad are the principles which underlie Signor Randegger's teaching that she will be able hereafter to learn any oratorio without extraneous aid. This applies to the more dramatic works of our contemporaneous composers, as well as to the compositions of Händel, Haydn and Mendelssohn.

One important branch of this subject is that of English diction, which enters so fully into the satisfactory singing of anything in our native tongue. This cannot be acquired without a development of the intelligence which gives us a grasp of the full meaning of the text to be sung. We must both apprehend the sentiment and feel, for the time being, that it is a living principle which we must, in all seriousness, interpret so that the listener may have a vivid picture faithfully portrayed to him. Diction comes from a desire to give full expression and is impossible to the superficial singer. Harmony, theory and the principles known as *Delsarte* are also essential to realize the musical possibilities of a piece.

That Mrs. Edwards fully appreciates this is shown by the excellent work done at her pupils' recital last June, as reported in the columns of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*. Her pupils have already secured good positions, and their

work is indorsed heartily on all sides. Mrs. Edwards has, besides her other natural gifts, that of imparting, so as not only to convey a sense of knowledge behind her remarks, but to inspire general confidence in what she says. These essentials in teaching make her exceptionally well adapted to the training of young singers; fortunate are those who enjoy the tuition and those who will in the future benefit by it.

Mrs. Edwards has already arranged for two of her pupils to come abroad with her next summer.

While in Paris she made a very careful study of the Yersin system. The sisters Yersin have indorsed her as a capable teacher of their method. This phonetic system of acquiring facility in pronouncing French she taught very successfully last season, and now, resuming her work this autumn, will again make a feature of it.

It is known that the French language is one of vowels, and unless a foreigner knows this it is very difficult for him to either understand or pronounce French. The intelligent Yersin sisters set themselves to discover the exact pronunciation of every sound used in the language, and collected together and classified these, so that anyone could pronounce correctly after a short course of study in this system. This is a great incentive in the acquiring of a knowledge of French language, and is very far reaching in its effects.

As a concert singer Mrs. Edwards has already a large reputation in Boston and throughout the East. She takes a great deal of pleasure also in her church work, being soprano of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, Manchester, that old historic church which has for many years been the pride of New Hampshire.

Moller Testimony.

FINEST ORGAN IN THE SOUTH.

NORFOLK, Va., August 7, 1897.

WE had a fine Möller organ placed in the Free Mason Street Baptist Church about October 1. It is a magnificent instrument and gives complete satisfaction. Many of us regard it as the finest organ in the South. The tone is so rich and sweet as to captivate all listeners, and one of the best judges exclaimed on hearing it: "That is the finest organ I ever heard."

It was planned to cost \$7,000, though this figure was shaded. We have a gem of an organ and a great big gem at that.

[Signed.] M. B. WHARTON, Pastor.

Elliott Schenck.—Mr. Elliott Schenck has again been delighting his audiences at Willow Grove during the past week. Many old-time orchestral favorites gain new life and vigor under Mr. Schenck's baton, his good musicianship and temperamental force obtaining for him through his orchestra all the melodic beauty, the light and shade and the effective rhythmic contrasts which any work may originally contain. The William Tell overture, played wonderfully well under Mr. Schenck, is a pleasure to hear. Other numbers which figured on his programs last week, and all given superlatively well, are the Ride of the Valkyries, and Moszkowski's Boabdil music, of which the the Scherzo Waltz is exquisitely done under Mr. Schenck, as also the Malaguena.

Next week will be opera festival week. Many prominent singers have been engaged, and Mr. Schenck will be heard conducting the most important excerpts from *Die Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Faust*, *Lucia*, *Bohemian Girl*, &c. It is to be hoped Mr. Schenck will soon have an opportunity to disclose his abilities as a conductor in more prominent places.

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GENEVA, August 12, 1897.

YOU may believe me that it is with an utter absence of envy I read in the Berlin papers of the guesting appearances of Madame Prevosti and of D'Andrade at Kroll's Opera House or of the meagre musical doings of the summer opera at the Theatre des Westens.

I am resting, and, as far as it is possible at this most beautiful spot in the world, the Lord's Parlor, as an enthusiast once dubbed Lake Geneva, I am not listening to any music at all, not even to any that may be rummaging about in my own brains. This is no place to write a symphony in; it is a place of *dolce far niente*, of quiet, of repose and of cogitation. Fishing is the most exciting sport you can indulge in, and even that is not very exciting, because you don't catch anything, and a bite of a fish is as rare as that of some other less agreeable or useful species of the animal kingdom is frequent.

Nevertheless you cannot quite escape music here altogether, unless you shut yourself up in the pleasant cool summer evenings which we are enjoying here. At every café, whether it be the corner covering Couronne or the even more distinguished Café du Nord, at every bier garden or self-respecting brasserie which spreads its inviting little tables and chairs out upon the sidewalk, you are drowned and pestered with music. The better class consists of a small orchestra, a harp, a couple of violins, a cello and a flute—which only bother you with the sameness of their repertory—Carmen and Faust, Faust and Carmen, night after night. The more ambitious one has also a prima donna who knives you down the back with a shrill high C, which, in the attempt of delivery, changes into a C double flat, and her companion, an ex-baritone from the busted opera at X or Y or Z, chevrons so that you think he is emitting musical calf's foot jelly.

At the smaller places a couple of young fellows play together on concertinas, and they put on the agony so heavily that you feel the marrow freeze in your bones.

And all this the polyglot population of French and German, Suisse, Italians, French Savoyard and Austrian elements take in with avidity. They stand out in the street upon the pavement and take in the music so eagerly that scarcely the passing of a horse car can make them give way for a moment or two, after which they resume the old position until a pause occurs in the music, when they will move on to the front of the next café, where they indulge in the same pastime. If this is not true love for the divine art, then I don't know what is.

The opera which was running here during the exhibition summer of last year is closed this year, and I hear that it is not to be resumed either during the coming winter season, be-

cause it does not pay. The people will have to be satisfied with operetta, and, forsooth, good operetta is preferable to poor opera at any time. This week Sarah Bernhardt is announced to appear at the beautiful Geneva opera house in La Tosca.

The only other place of amusement is the Kursaal, where those who don't indulge in les petits chevaux can find entertainment in variety shows à la Koster & Bial, of New York. I went there once last week and then swore off for the rest of my sojourn, which, I am sorry to say, will not last more than ten or twelve days longer at the utmost.

Imagine my agreeable surprise when the other day, quite unexpectedly I ran up here against my dear and much beloved friend, Ignace Jan Paderewski. He looked the very picture of good health, and his grip was as hearty and firm as ever. You will not believe me, but it is true, nevertheless, when I tell you that Paderewski had his hair clipped quite short. All that gorgeous, glorious mass of wavy old-gold hair gone the way of the barber! Oh, ye gods and little fishes, how much money that barber could have made if he had kept the clippings, brought them to New York or London, and sold them at auction, curl by curl! What I wonder at most, and would have liked to have tested right then and there, is whether Paderewski's powers of pianism had really, like Samson's powers of yore, something to do with his hair. But this I shall never know, for our meeting was only a short one. Paderewski was on his way from Aix-les-Bains, where he had as usual spent part of the summer, to his home in Poland, where, he told me, he had just bought a little country house and a few acres of land, and where he proposes to spend the remainder of the summer in solitude and silence.

Oh, what a pleasure silence is to musically surfeited ears!

My friend Frank Van der Stucken writes to me from Hanover that he has succeeded in engaging as teacher for the Cincinnati College of Music Herr Paul Haase, from the Grand Ducal Conservatory at Carlsruhe. Mr. Haase has an excellent reputation as vocal teacher, and this has of late been considerably enhanced through the success of Herr Anton Van Rooy as the *Wotan* of this summer's Bayreuth Nibelungen performances. Herr Van Rooy is a pupil of Herr Paul Haase.

Furthermore, Mr. Van der Stucken has engaged as piano teacher Eduard Ebert-Buchheim, from the Pedagogium at Strassburg, who is equally well known as a soloist of note and as a successful piano pedagogue. Both these gentlemen will, no doubt, prove excellent acquisitions and valuable additions to the staff of teachers of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Among the callers at the Berlin headquarters of THE MUSICAL COURIER during my temporary absence were Dr. George W. Jacoby, of New York; Mr. Richard Arnold, the New York concertmaster, and Mr. Louis Michaelis, the New York piano pedagogue—all three old friends of mine; Mr. Walter Petzet, of Helsingfors, and Mrs. S. M. McMillen and Master Francis McMillen, from Springfield, Ohio.

Breitkopf & Härtel's Music.—The American Plantation Dances, by Maurice Arnold, which have been among Mr. Sousa's favorite numbers for some time, are attracting attention at the Manhattan Beach concerts. These dances have been published by Breitkopf & Härtel as duets, and are not difficult. The composer was a favorite pupil of Dvorák.

The Two Phillips.

Editors The Musical Courier:

ONE of THE MUSICAL COURIER's foreign correspondents recently had occasion to inquire whether there existed another Philip Hale on this revolving planet of ours other than the original, simon-pure article we all know, and who also wrote on art and things in general.

"What a question to ask," quoth I. Two Philip Hales? Go to! A clap of thunder out of a clear summer's sky or the proverbial dull, sickening thud could not have provoked more amazement than such an inquiry. We knew there were among those "literary fellers" two Humboldts, two Schlegels, two Rejected Smiths, two Hares; but two Philip Hales! Perish the thought. Nature, to paraphrase Goethe, is not so prodigal as to produce "zwei solche Kerle" and make them contemporaneous.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, on taking up last week's issue of your paper to see it set forth, on the authority of Mr. Hale himself, that there really existed another Philip Hale, but with the intermediary initial L, which latter—rash man!—he occasionally omitted in his superscriptions, and hence the confusion.

Now, I do not wish to impeach Mr. Hale's own statement; far be it from me. But is he absolutely convinced that he is not under a misapprehension? You know, Mr. Editor, that there are so many things in this world that are not so, and how often men of powerful imagination have translated into visual actuality forms only existent in their brain. Witness Dr. Johnson, William Blake and Sir Walter Scott. This inclines me to say that, under whatever aspects others may view the matter, unless there be forthcoming some additional corroborative proof of an incontrovertible character, I would be reluctant to surrender my belief that there can be only one Philip Hale, as there was only one Admirable Crichton.

Like Jean Paul Richter, he is "der Einzige."

JOHN KAUTZ.

ALBANY, N. Y.

A Pupils' Recital.

A PIANO recital in Higgins Memorial Hall by the pupils of the piano department of the School of Music yesterday morning gave an opportunity to show how careful and thorough is the instruction given in this department. Miss Mildred McIntyre, Miss Virgie Ashley, Miss Emma Payne and Miss M. L. Wilson were pupils of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. Miss Elizabeth Crawford, Miss Kate Jackson and Miss Lucille Corbett were pupils of Mr. Ferdinand Dewey. Miss Leone Tobey, Miss Alice Collier and Miss Roxie Brockway were the pupils of Mrs. E. T. Tobey.

The music presented was of a high order, and happily showed the varied talents of the performers. The most ambitious performance was the Beethoven sonata, op. 31, No. 3 (scherzo), played by Miss Collier. The most delightful bit of piano comedy was Heller's Curious Story, played by Miss Tobey. Miss Ashley gave with skill and refinement Schubert's impromptu, op. 142, No. 3. The comedy element was illustrated by Mr. Dewey's Folk Melodies, a quaint and amusing study of folklore played by Misses Crawford, Wilson and Jackson, one movement each, assisted by Mr. Dewey. Miss Payne gave a fine reading of Moszkowski's Waltz, op. 34.—*Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, August 11, 1897.

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CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, August 21, 1897.

WHEAT having gone up the temperature has gone down—to say a word of good cheer to silver, quicksilver and the other silver having met—the result is Chicago is colder than a demonized draft.

Notwithstanding this uncanny state in mid-August, I heard that able writing, romantic cynic Paul Hull declare that for a summer climate Chicago was unsurpassed; and that of all places he would give this the preference during the heated term. Thereupon Mr. Paul Hull shivered, turned up his coat collar about his ears and advanced, can-canwise, toward the nearest store, which (being summer) was fuelless. There we left this prince of story tellers and out-and-out good fellow, warming himself in the light of a cigar and the strength of his imagination. Then we hurried (to keep up the circulation) into Thielmann's garden, where, for the payment of 25 cents, to exclude the undesirable, we were permitted to hear the Thomas Orchestra. At least the program stated it was the Thomas Orchestra.

"A lie which is half a lie," verging on five-eighths of a lie, is aptly applicable to this Thomas Orchestra playing at the North Side beer garden. Whereas the Thomas Orchestra numbers sixty, this aggregation of musical gentlemen numbers thirty, and this thirty is not only half the usual orchestra, but the worst half. Hence the five-eighths.

Of course Theodore Thomas is not there, and the members are under the direction of a leader who, it is broadly hinted, is undecided whether a cello should be tuned above or below the bridge. (When in doubt, don't tune.) By the

way, this leader is a 'cellist; he is sometimes called the musical auctioneer.

It is rumored that a concert has been sold by the management of the Chicago Orchestra (under the direction of Theodore Thomas) to the Worcester people. But surely the orchestral authorities are not so insanely blind to their own interests as to take our half-fledged, ill-paid scrambled-together organization to a city which can afford the services of a Kneisel and a Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Eastern people can rightly sneer at us and laugh at our vain attempts if the orchestra goes East in its present miserable condition. After all, the men who play at the North Side beer garden are a component part of the organization known as the Thomas Orchestra. They have during the summer months been playing for the most part trash in the most careless fashion, under the directorship of a man who may be musician, but does not actively show it.

In proof of this I need only speak of the villainous interpretation accorded to one of the best known arrangements, of modern times, Gounod's Ave Maria. I have heard it better played by a small orchestra in a little provincial theatre. Is it within the bounds of common sense to suppose that these men who have been for so long accustomed to slatternly work can suddenly disassociate themselves and become at one bound musicians capable of playing masterpieces?

How can the orchestral managers sell what they do not possess? We have no orchestra in the true sense of the word. There is no concertmaster, there is no good first violin. There may or there may not be a principal 'cellist. No one knows yet if Bruno Steindl has signed his contract. And they may search abroad as they will, there is no fine musician willing to come here.

Now, you Easterners, what do you say to our orchestral conditions? And yet this city, with its wealth, with its enterprise and energy, can afford to have the best. Every musician here acknowledges that THE MUSICAL COURIER has stated nothing but facts, and yet very few can be found to proclaim openly that the Chicago Orchestra is at the present time in a disastrous condition.

And yet the public is asked to subscribe for a season of which it knows nothing. It is requested to shut its eyes and take what the management sends, and to be thankful if it gets anything.

Yes, it will get something. Thirty men from the beer garden; thirty men gathered together from remote corners, a few union men, a fifth-rate imported concertmaster, and Theodore Thomas. What grudge have the Worcester people

against Chicago that they should wish to actively expose our musical skeleton? But for THE MUSICAL COURIER the true facts would never have been known outside Chicago.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of Mr. Thomas, this paper was steadfast in its loyalty to his orchestra when he was leading an aggregation of artists. It is only necessary to refer to the files of THE MUSICAL COURIER from October, 1895, to October, 1896. During that time Mr. Thomas was the leader of artists and had a fine orchestra, and beyond ordinary criticism this paper had no word of comment—only praise for an artistic combination. But Theodore Thomas, the autocrat leader of a scratch body of bandmen, cannot be upheld.

Two little birds conversing:

First little bird—Tweet, tweet, Emil Liebling is to play with Thomas and the orchestra this season.

Second do. do.—You don't say! What will he play?

First do. do.—The piano, you ignoramus.

Second do. do.—I know that; I mean what piece will he play?

First do. do.—Guess it'll be the Emperor concerto.

Second do. do.—Good for you! We've not heard it for years. Chuck-a-chuck, chuck-a-chuck!

First do. do.—Sh!!! Don't you remember Beethoven redivivus alias C—?

And then the little birds flew away!

Wonder if that is a "scoop" and how those little birds got hold of it! The listener 'phoned over to Mr. Liebling, but Central said "No telephonic communication during the August spell with Mr. Liebling." Hence his return is awaited with more than interest. I only hope the statement is true, and that those birds are the harbingers of good news.

I have not yet seen the announcement, but I am absolutely correct in stating that the Kneisel Quartet will practically open the season, Friday, October 1, in a concert devoted entirely to chamber music in Handel Hall. Chicago has been enabled to hear the celebrated quartet this season mainly through the exertions of Mr. Clayton F. Summy. As Mr. Kneisel conducts at the Worcester Festival and his quartet either on September 30 or October 2 plays for the Woman's Club in Milwaukee, October 1 was the

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only date he could make. It is to be hoped Chicago's classicists will not forego this one opportunity of hearing the great Kneisel organization.

Among the callers at THE MUSICAL COURIER office this week was Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson, with whom I had a most congenial chat. Looking the picture of health and happiness after a charming time spent at Bay View (Mich.), where she was the bright particular singing star, Mrs. Wilson spoke in glowing terms of the musical prospects generally of Chicago and the West. There is only one fault I have to find with this cultivated singer, and that is she is too modest. And although she has been soprano soloist for the best clubs in America, she never seeks to impress you with the fact. But I happened to know that Mrs. Wilson had been soprano soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Cecilia Club, Boston; Kneisel Quartet, Boston; Apollo Club, Chicago; Mendelssohn Club, Chicago; Students' Musical Club, Chicago; Summy Chamber Concerts, Chicago; St. Louis Choral Symphony Society; Apollo Club, Toledo; Arion Club, Milwaukee; Ann Arbor Choral Union; Ypsilanti Choral Club; Madison Choral Union; Wheeling (W. Va.) Oratorio Society; Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Dubuque Choral Union; Schubert Club, Grand Rapids, and the Louisville Musical Club.

The above is not a small record for any one singer to have made. Mrs. Clark-Wilson is soprano of the Second Presbyterian Church, which has the reputation of providing the best church music, and also for possessing the highest type of artists both for culture and refinement—except for the organist. However, that is another story. But to return to Mrs. Clark-Wilson, I find from several notices that the critical Bostonese fully indorse what the Chicago people have always said of her, and among others she received the following:

Mrs. Wilson has a voice of excellent range and quality, and sings well and without effort. Her intonation is good and her style is frank and without affectation and marked by taste and refinement. The music that fell to her share last night afforded but little opportunity for an artist to show her best powers, but she made a favorable impression and stimulated a desire to hear her when her talents might have a more advantageous field for their display.—*The Boston Herald*, March 21, 1896.

Mrs. Wilson has a pure soprano voice, flexible and of good range. In the taxing trio in the Noel she sang with ease, and throughout the evening she showed herself prepared for the appointed task.—*Boston Journal*, March 21, 1896.

Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson sang as her first number a romance and aria from Der Freischütz, and the audience immediately felt her power. Her voice, though powerful, is sweet and smoothly flexible. She is a very popular singer in our own and many other States, and justly takes first rank among soprano soloists in grand concert and oratorio work. In her latter group, Spring, by Henschel, was exquisitely, one might say wonderfully, sung, and she responded to an encore.—*Saginaw Courier-Herald*, May 20, 1896.

Mrs. Wilson, soprano, possesses a powerful voice of a pleasing quality, good schooling and sympathetic as well.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*, May 15, 1896.

She phrases beautifully, she sings openly on the high notes, she enunciates well; in a word, she is artistic.—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*, December 23, 1896.

Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson's number was Spring, by Henschel. It was a rich selection, and was sung in a manner that at once places Mrs. Wilson on the list of local favorites. Her voice is a rich, pure and exquisitely developed soprano, manipulated by a real artist. To whatever register the requirements called her her tones were smooth, even and well sustained, and wonderfully melodious. In every part of her work were effects demonstrating an artist brilliantly endowed. Perhaps the most attractive number of the evening was the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria, sung by Mrs. Wilson, with

accompaniment of harp, organ and flute. It was remarkable in tone combination, and was heartily appreciated. Mrs. Wilson sang divinely, the grand accompaniment seemingly inspiring her to greater effort.—*Dubuque Times*, May 25, 1896.

So, Mr. August Hyllested, you, too, have decided there is a big field in Chicago for a fine musician, and right welcome you are to our community. Here's wishing you every possible success, and may your studio, No. 44 Kimball Hall, be as crowded as you desire! I know well that no more accomplished artist has come to reside among us of late years, and that your three years' vacation has not lessened the esteem in which you were held, not only by your numerous pupils but the profession generally.

Few of our Chicago girls have met with the undeniable success which has been the good fortune of Sybil Sammis. To begin with, her vocal education has been received from Mme. Ragna Linné, which is in itself an immense advantage, and she proves beyond a doubt that there is no lack of engagement where talent, voice and good teaching are combined. Miss Sammis was lately soprano soloist at the Lakeside Chautauqua, and accounts from Marinette are of the brightest.

The *Daily Star*, in speaking of Miss Sammis' performance, says:

Miss Sybil Sammis has sung her way into the hearts of Marinette and Menominee people to such an extent that it seemed like parting from an old friend when the curtain was drawn last night on the closing notes of her beautiful voice as it rose soft and clear in the final chorus of Esther. Miss Sammis is possessed of one of those indescribable voices that have no particular characterization, but is everything and anything that its owner chooses to make it, whether it be a full, rich contralto or a soaring and rippling soprano. It rises to the demands of every selection, from the sympathetic to the sublime, never losing that beautiful, melodious quality that is the crowning feature of its popularity and the secret of its instantaneous success. Her voice has an easy range of three octaves from low to high E. Miss Sammis is a Chicago girl, and inherits in a marked degree the energy, ambition and phenomenal progressiveness of her native city. She is the favored pupil of the famous Ragna Linné, co-student of Madame Melba. Last season Miss Sammis was the soloist with Brooks' famous Marine Band in its concert tour, a position which she will fill the coming season, opening next week at New Orleans. No artist has come to Marinette and won deeper public favor than she has, and there will be a popular demand among the people for her re-engagement for the Chautauqua season of 1898.

The *Daily Eagle*, in praise of Miss Sammis is equally enthusiastic, speaking of her work in the following terms:

Miss Sybil Sammis was then introduced. Her first song touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the great assembly and her response to the encore brought about an unconditional surrender. Her power of expression is superb.

The singing by Miss Sammis might be said to have been one of the rarest musical treats which the people of Marinette have ever enjoyed. Her first song, Mascheroni's For All Eternity, charmed and captivated her listeners, and her encore, She Stoops to Conquer, won them over completely. Her mezzo soprano voice is clear and pure and her method and personality charming. Her admirers will be delighted to learn that she will be with them during the remainder of the assembly, and will assume the role of *Queen Esther* in the coming cantata. She was accompanied by Louis Novotny on the violin and Mrs. Emery on the piano.

As a friend describes it: "Miss Sammis' success has been simply wonderful." She has already closed many engagements for next season, many especially good dates having been made out of town.

Mr. Noyes B. Miner has fully recovered from a protracted illness, and will resume his teaching at the American Conservatory of Music with the opening of the fall term.

George Ellsworth Holmes, who has had an extremely

busy summer, is spending the latter half of August on a fishing trip in the North Woods. Mr. Holmes reports a very brisk inquiry for dates and particulars of his coming season, which begins with the Worcester Festival, September 20. He also has a good class of pupils, who will resume their lessons September 1, at his new studio, Room 84 Auditorium Building.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Grant Gleason are at Spring Lake, Manitowish, and return September 1.

Mrs. Regina Watson is in New York arranging Eastern dates for her lectures on Folk Song, French and Italian mediæval music and the new lecture on Russian music. One of the big Eastern managers has arranged to take exclusive charge of Mrs. Watson's business, so confident is he of the demand for such high class entertainment.

Mrs. Hess-Burr is taking a well earned vacation at Kenosha, Wis. I for one will not credit the statement that she could be idle, even for a week, so I expect to hear of a fine concert to be given there.

Madame Genevra Johnstone-Bishop is recuperating in view of a busy season. It was only yesterday that I heard from an artist in Los Angeles that Madame Bishop's last appearance there was the occasion of a demonstration, and that she was singing superbly.

Nellie Bangs Shelton, I understand, is to extend the sphere of her profession, and that she intends to do a considerable amount of coaching. At present she is playing every week at Wheaton, where she has been thoroughly appreciated.

Mrs. Luella Clark Emery, of whom I have spoken, has once more been proving herself an invaluable aid to the Chautauqua assembly. It is a pleasure to be able to reproduce some of the very nice things said about her. The *Daily North Star*, of Marinette, especially commends her work, saying:

Every musician who has attended the assembly entertainments has been generous in his praise of the artistic work done by the accompanist, Miss Luella Clark Emery. Comparatively few people realize or appreciate the amount of conception and musical ability required to successfully accompany a varied list of singers; but Mrs. Emery has proved herself equal to every emergency, and fitted into the peculiarities and eccentricities of every performer with an artistic grace and sympathy that has won for her the praises of every music lover who appreciates the importance of her position. The assembly managers have given us high-class artists in their respective lines, and Mrs. Emery shines with the same brilliancy as the rest of the stars.

And on another occasion it spoke of her work in the following manner:

Mrs. Luella Clark Emery was the musical genius of the assembly. From the opening to the closing she was indispensable, and to her in particular is due the credit for the smoothness and success of the musical part of the Assembly. Mrs. Emery makes her home in Chicago, where she has a large class in music. She is organist of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, and a prominent feature of almost every large musical festival held in the big city. The assembly managers will undoubtedly make an effort to secure her for next year.

The Chicago Mendelssohn Club has already begun its preparations for the coming season. The membership has increased to such considerable proportions that Central

Season 1897-98.

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ROSENTHAL.

Music Hall will now be the scene of operation. Through the courtesy of the directors I am enabled to publish the programs of the three concerts to be given under the directorship of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, to whose exertions the club owes much of its present prosperity.

FIRST CONCERT.

The Anvil.....	Gounod
Cradle Song.....	MacDowell
Dance of Gnomes.....	
King Olaf's Christmas.....	Buck
A Cannibal Idyl.....	Taber
I Loved a Lass.....	Reay
The Drowsy Woods.....	Storch
Soldiers' Chorus.....	Gounod

SECOND CONCERT.

God Is Nigh.....	Mohr
Echoes.....	Little
The Chafer.....	Veit
Bugle Song.....	Buck
All Barred Out.....	Taber
A Dream of Summer.....	Brewer
Break, Break.....	Goldbeck
Arion Waits.....	Vogel

THIRD CONCERT.

Spring Has Come.....	Buck
Forsaken.....	Koschat
Lead, Kindly Light.....	Buck
To the Sons of Art.....	Mendelssohn
The Rose and the Gard'ner.....	Thorne
A Franklin's Dogge.....	Mackenzie
Come, Fill Your Glasses.....	Leslie

Congratulations to Mr. L. G. Gottschalk. His pupil, Miss Claudia Petite, who studied with our noted Chicago baritone, has been engaged by Francis Wilson in New York for leading roles. Miss Petite was four years with Mr. Gottschalk, indeed, her education vocally was commenced and finished by the president of the popular lyric school.

Young Clarence Bird, of whom Mr. Leopold Godowsky speaks exceedingly well, has, according to the *Monroe Evening Times*, played very acceptably at a concert. Mr. Bird is only seventeen years old, and this is what the *Monroe* paper said of him:

The opening and closing numbers were piano solos by Mr. Clarence Bird. Mr. Bird is certainly a phenomenal artist for one of his years. His interpretation of a selection from Rubinstein showed musical talent of a high order, and his execution at times was brilliant.

Mr. A. J. Goodrich has taken a studio in Steinway Hall, and will be there to receive his pupils September 1. I have been lately studying Mr. Goodrich's Analytical Harmony, and have found it the clearest, simplest form of a very difficult subject that I have yet discovered.

I was pleasantly surprised the other day by a visit from Mrs. J. H. Kowalski, who, completely restored to health, returned from California a week ago, and now J. H. K. no longer looks depressed. I think with his pupils she is as popular as he, and assuredly she has contributed no little to his success. I see that Miss Jaffrey, whose full name by the way is Amy Robsart Jaffrey, has been engaged by the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto (Canada), for the vocal department. She is to be the soloist in one of the principal churches in that city, and a number of recitals will be given with prominent instrumentalists.

Miss Jaffrey has a very fine mezzo soprano nearly three octaves in range, and has a large repertory. She studied three years with Mr. Kowalski, and I would not be astonished if I heard that in addition to the tuition she gained from him, he had also been the means of placing such advantageous prospects in her path.

I find in my note book, under date May 27, 1896: "Heard to-day in Mrs. Gaynor's studio in Händel Hall Mrs.

Jennie Woodrow, marvelous contralto, voice of the kind that can stir your heart depths. Comes from Salt Lake. Queer place. She is not a Mormon, not even a disintegrated Mormon. Been offered an engagement with Jessie Bartlett Company. Husband refuses to allow it."

In yesterday's *Tribune* a telegram from New York says that a new contralto, Jennie Woodrow, has been discovered to understudy Jessie Bartlett Davis, and speaks glowingly, but certainly in somewhat disrespectful terms of a very charming woman, who possesses a voice like Julie Wyman's. Mrs. Woodrow is young and handsome, and will be an important attraction for even such a famed organization as the Bostonians. Until Thursday last she was residing with an old school friend at Ellis avenue, Chicago.

The Quincy (Ill.) people may congratulate themselves upon the perspicacity which prompted them to secure so able a musician as Walter Spry as director of the Quincy Conservatory. I have just seen the prospectus issued by the board of directors, setting forth the advantages to be obtained by the students. The conservatory enters upon its twelfth year September 18 and has been liberally patronized, offering as it does very superior musical educational advantages. In speaking of the appointment of Mr. Walter Spry, I cannot do better than quote the words of the prospectus, which are as follows:

The board of directors have secured the services of Mr. Walter Spry as musical director and principal professor. This well-known Chicagoan stands in the front rank of American musicians, and with such a head to our institution we can assure the public that our students will receive a thorough and broad musical education.

Mr. Walter Spry, after graduating in piano, organ and harmony from one of the best known musical colleges in America, spent six years abroad, studying at Berlin, Vienna and Paris. His masters were Leschetizky, Rudoff, Bargiel and Rousseau. All praised him for his accomplishments, and Professor Rousseau, of the Paris Conservatoire, said: "Mr. Spry is the most talented young American musician I have had the pleasure to know."

Mr. Spry has entire control, and will endeavor to keep the Quincy Conservatory on a high plane.

Another interesting caller at this office was Mrs. Rose Case Haywood, principal of the Haywood School of Music, Madison, Wis. This entertaining pianist is a disciple of Zwintscher and Moszkowski and one who has made good use of her time and talents. Her school is in a measure connected with the Chicago Conservatory, from which institution an examiner is sent every month to report progress. Mrs. Haywood's success would seem to justify her in removing to a larger city, but she seems to be so much attached to Madison and her school has attained to such large proportions that it is more than probable it will in a short time be considered as a branch of the Chicago Conservatory. As a Zwintscher enthusiast and devotee of the method Mrs. Haywood is instructive, lucid and an agreeable personality to meet.

The De Pasqualis and Miss Carey have been, among others, callers at THE MUSICAL COURIER office this week. There are signs of the greatest activity with musical people generally and for one and all the outlook is hopeful.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

CHARLES MEEHAN

—Soprano Soloist.—

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Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, August 21, 1897.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BLACKMORE have been spending the month of August in Waverly, N. Y. While there they gave a musical at the summer home of Mrs. Theodore Sawyer, which was a great artistic success. Mrs. Blackmore sang an aria from *Le Cid*, also a group of songs, and was overwhelmed with compliments and applause. Mr. Blackmore was heard in *Salve Dimora* and some German songs. Mr. Kinney, pianist, assisted. On their way back to Boston they will make a short stay in New York, Sunday, August 22. Mrs. Blackmore sang at Elmira in the church where she had her first choir engagement.

The series of free organ recitals that were held by the Twentieth Century Club in the Boston churches last winter will be repeated this season. Twenty-two recitals were given, in which 138 numbers were performed. The churches and the services of the organists were in all cases given free. The churches were always crowded and usually there were many unable to obtain admission to the concerts.

Mrs. Henry Drayton gave a large musical at the Ladies' Club, Bar Harbor, Sunday evening a week ago, for Mrs. W. F. Apthorp, of Boston. Mrs. Taylor received. M. Maurice Trubert, of the French Embassy, played several selections on the piano.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke is a guest at the Lincoln House, Swampscott.

Miss Agot Lundie will return to town in September from Wilton, N. H., where she is the guest of Mrs. C. H. Newell.

NEWPORT, N. H., August 16.—The twenty-first festival of the Sullivan County Music Association commenced here this evening. Carl Zerrahn, of Boston, was conductor, and Mrs. Martha Shepard pianist.

A large chorus will be formed from the many well-known singers who are in attendance. Concerts will be given Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings and matinees each afternoon.

Mrs. A. Sophia Markee and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, under the management of Mr. M. Bruce, gave a subscription concert at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, on Friday evening.

Mr. Charles T. Grilley, reciter, and Mr. Van Veatchon Rogers, harpist, will make an extended tour in the West and South this season.

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The Late Albert L. King.

Editors The Musical Courier:

KINDLY allow me space in your valuable paper to correct an error in your notice of the death of Albert L. King, the famous tenor singer.

Mr. King did not commence his public career as a member of the Park Church Quartet in Hartford, as stated in that notice. His first engagement was with the Centre Church Quartet, of that city, where I was organist and musical director, when he was about twenty-one years old, after which he went to the Park Church, and subsequently to the South Congregational Church, then to New York.

I was proprietor of the music store and piano warerooms, on Asylum street, then as now, and Mr. King was a frequent visitor. He played the piano quite well, and one day was trying over some songs. I was not long in discovering that he possessed a very remarkable voice and said: "Albert, I want you for my quartet at the Center Church, April 1." This was in January.

"Why," he said, "I never stood up with three other singers to sing in a quartet in my life." "I can't read music." "Never mind?" I said, "I will teach you." However, as I was pressed for time he went with me to a noted vocal teacher in our city and under his instructions commenced the development of his beautiful voice.

After taking twelve lessons he happened to say that he was engaged to sing for Mr. Barker, April 1. "Then I shall not give you any more lessons," said the teacher, "for you are not prepared to sing, and my reputation is at stake."

Mr. King soon repeated this very disinterested remark to me, adding: "It's all up; I cannot take the position."

"Yes, you can, Albert," I said; "for I will teach you, myself." I did so; and at his first service, April 1, he sang so well as to attract very great attention. I gave him lessons for one year gratuitously, and the Centre Church paid him a salary of \$300—the first dollar, as he said, that he ever earned as a singer.

After going to New York his success was well known. He had one of the most wonderful voices in the world. For my reward in bringing out such a "hidden treasure" I only ask that if any member of the musical profession should find such another voice he will take the pains and do the work I did to develop it.

Mr. King was not ungrateful for this "labor of love." He often spoke of it, and on one occasion when he met the writer's sister in New York said to her, "I owe everything I am to your brother." It is pleasant to think that I was the humble instrument in bringing joy to thousands and thousands of hearts. For so many, yes, and thousands more, have listened to this lovely voice, now hushed in death.

LUDLOW BARKER.

150 and 155 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

Terschak Testimonial.

37 SECOND AVENUE, LITTLE ILFORD, ESSEX, July, 1897.

FRIENDS of the "neglected wind," flute players especially, will hear with deep regret that Adolph Terschak, the eminent flautist and composer, has been for many months so prostrated by illness as to be unable to attend to professional duty. Fearing that the expenses incurred during such long-continued sickness may overtax very slender financial resources, a few admirers of this distinguished artist have decided to form a testimonial fund, believing that many British flute players will gladly and substantially express their sympathetic appreciation of the efforts of one who for more than forty years has labored both as a soloist and composer in the interests of their instrument, and to whom they are indebted for many charming works, which, although contributing to the enrichment of our literature, have not added much to the material prosperity of their author, who is now in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

Messrs. Rudall, Carte & Co., 23 Berners street, London, W., have kindly consented to receive all subscriptions, and the honorary secretaries will answer any question on this subject.

JOHN FINN,

RICHARD YATES STURGES,
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Photo by Davis & Sanford.

Elsa von Yette.

NEW YORK possesses a large army of vocal and piano teachers, but there is always room for a new one of specific abilities at the top. In Elsa von Yette, who has now brought into perfect running order her vocal and piano studio at West Fifty-seventh street, New York has formed an acquisition which is bound to leave strong impression on the development of its musical student life.

Elsa von Yette is an American born soprano who has passed most of her life in study abroad. She has thereby the advantage of intimacy with foreign languages, while speaking her own with particularly good accent and diction. Her studies in voice and piano have been under the foremost masters of Europe, among her vocal teachers being the famous Fräulein Jenny Meyer, as also Director Heinrich Bossenberger, teacher and husband of the late Royal Opera singer Frau Koch-Bossenberger and teacher and father of the Royal Opera singer Marie Bossenberger, now of Dresden.

On first hearing her sing some years ago Bossenberger remarked, "You have now gone so far that within one year more you will be fully ready for the concert stage." Elsa von Yette proved herself so, as after a final coaching with Lüders, who has been director at the Hanover Opera House for over thirty years, she appeared promptly in public and achieved immediate success as a soprano of superior natural attainments and excellent cultivation.

Stockhausen, the famous teacher, who then heard her sing, pronounced her voice a beautiful one.

Elsa von Yette's preferred profession, however, is that of teacher. She taught in Europe with unqualified success, leaving behind her several professional pupils already making their mark as teachers in prominent European cities. In Berlin, Frankfurt-on-the-Main and Hanover she accomplished much musical work of a high standard, a studio which she opened in Hanover becoming an invariably successful rendezvous of study for French, Germans, Italians, in fact nearly every nationality. The unflinching satisfaction derived by her large clientèle from instruction so competent and prolific in results naturally brought Von Yette many strong inducements to remain abroad, but the artist had always decided to return to her native country, and she fulfilled her intention.

Coming to America about two years ago Von Yette went to the Northwest for business reasons demanding her personal attention, and while there taught both singing and piano with the same consistent success which had marked her progress in Europe. Pupils, press and general public were unanimous in their appreciation of Von Yette both as singer and teacher. The press was voluminous in its praise, and here are appended a few brief extracts from some of the most discriminate articles which appeared:

Elsa von Yette, the well-known soprano and vocal teacher, of Minneapolis, who has recently returned from Germany, has closed her studio in Minneapolis for the summer, and is spending the season at Excelsior, Lake Minnetonka. Wishing to combine business with recreation, she has opened a studio at the Sampson House, where she has met with excellent success, having among her pupils not only the best talent of the town, but many from different cities who have come to the lake to spend the season.

While in Germany she received the homage which Germans so cheerfully award to talent. She numbered among her friends many of the Royal Opera singers, who extended to the gifted American many courtesies, giving her every encouragement. Von Yette's voice is a high soprano of great compass, ranging from G to A flat above high C. Her voice is compared to Lucca's, in that she sings both dramatic and lyric.

The fact that Von Yette has located in Excelsior for the summer affords a fine opportunity for those who wish to cultivate their voices.

Elsa von Yette uses the old Italian method, perfected by German intelligence in rendering. She has had phenomenal success in placing the voice, and carries pupils from the beginning to stage finish, so that they can appear before the most critical audiences, thus giving them all the advantages which they could receive abroad.

She is a finished pianist, and teaches the celebrated Wreck touch, which she had from the originator's daughter, Clara Schumann, Frankfurt-on-the-Main.—*St. Paul Truth*, August 22, 1896.

At the Congregational Church Sunday morning an appreciative audience listened to the rendition of the beautiful vocal selection of Millard's Ave Verum by Elsa von Yette. Von Yette has been traveling abroad in Germany and other foreign countries for several years past, studying with the best masters and training her most excellent voice, which is possessed of wonderful richness, sweetness and power, also a singularly sympathetic quality. She has a clean, unaffected style, which appeals directly to the intellect as well as to the hearts and souls of her hearers.—*Lawrence (Mich.) Visitor*, January 8, 1897.

Elsa von Yette's coming to America is an event in musical circles, as she brings new inspiration to art.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Daily Dispatch*, August 18, 1896.

Surrounded by liberal patronage and appreciation as she found herself here and earnestly induced by people of most

influence and prominence in the Northwest to settle permanently in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Von Yette had to decide between a strong, immediate, practical temptation and her own original ambition to carry her talents to New York, where she would have wider scope to evolve artistic results. Offers to join concert companies were numerous, as also excellent offers for church positions, but Elsa von Yette decided to come to New York and concentrate her principal efforts on the school which she has now established and of which the prospectus is a most intelligently devised and promising one.

Among some of its novel and valuable features half-hour lessons daily for beginners stand prominent. With these half-hour daily lessons, so important in the early stages of study, a lesson will be given weekly in German elocution so as to facilitate enunciation, and two lessons weekly in solfeggio. Plans of equal merit are laid out for the various grades of pupils, the Von Yette school furnishing a complete course from the earliest elements to the operatic, oratorio or concert stage.

The entire scheme is based upon artistic competence and sound system, and will no doubt form an important feature in New York musical progress. Elsa von Yette, aside from her musicianship, is a young woman of wide general knowledge, with a magnetic personality which combines all the sympathy, the genial understanding and the tact which go to make the thoroughly successful teacher. She impresses one at once as an artist with implicit confidence in herself, simply for the reason that she has proved to herself as well as to a wide critical community of others that she thoroughly knows her business. She has undertaken an important project with firm composure and purpose, knowing that with her sterling equipment and earnest energy she is bound to make her work tell, and by steady degrees enlarge her clientèle and the field of her usefulness.

European rates will be the rule in her school. As these are so much beneath average American fees, and as European advantages will be provided, the value of the situation is an unusual one. Already this has been discovered by a large number of pupils and fresh applications are rapidly pouring in. The outlook of the Von Yette school for 1897-8 is a prosperous one, and artistic results may be looked forward to as the logical outcome of the solid, well directed, methodical work which has been laid out for the school under Elsa von Yette. The principal will have assistant teachers, but will herself be constantly engaged in tuition, and will keep all grades and departments under her own immediate surveillance.

Elsa von Yette holds in her capable hand all the elements of success, and with her talents and unremitting energy deserves a cordial welcome to New York.

Dyna Beumer.—The soprano Dyna Beumer, who will arrive early this season in America under the management of the Herlof Concert Bureau, reaps daily more honor and success in Europe. Her singing at the Vieuxtemps memorial concert in Spa, early this month, evoked much enthusiasm. Some press notices are appended:

Mme. Dyna Beumer and M. César Thomson (violinist) were specially applauded, and at the close of the concert the Queen and Princess Clémentine advanced to the platform and shook the two latter artists heartily by the hand, assuring them of the great pleasure they had experienced in listening to them.—*The New York Herald Paris*, Friday, August 6, 1897.

Yesterday's concert proved for Dyna Beumer an occasion of significant artistic success. No doubt the American people, who are beyond the average where music is concerned, will know how to appreciate the splendid and eminent talent of Dyna Beumer.—*La Meuse*, August 4, 1897.

Rarely has the great and sympathetic artist scored such a success. After the air *De la Belle Arsène*, of Monsigny, which she interpreted in a wonderful manner, she was showered with flowers, and had to sing again. She gave as an encore *The Echo of Eckert*.—*La Vie Elégante, Spa*, August 4, 1897.

It is always with her beautiful voice that Dyna Beumer sang the air of the opera *La Belle Arsène*, to which M. Gevaert has added a cadence of an incredible virtuosity. The sympathetic artist has rarely scored a greater triumph.—*Le Nouvelliste*, August 3, 1897.

Mme. Dyna Beumer always possesses that incomparable voice and accomplished talent. After the air of *La Belle Arsène*, which she rendered in a wonderful manner, being repeatedly recalled, she had to give *The Echo*, which was rewarded by a profusion of flowers.—*L'Union Libérale*, August 3, 1897.



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MANHATTAN BEACH, August 23, 1897.

THE choir of St. Agnes' Church, in Brooklyn, is singing a new anthem which flavors much of the fantasia or the rhapsodie. It is wild, fierce music and is full of passion and dramatic fire. It is called "Now is the summer of our discontent," and is being sung in many keys, the principal one, however, has the dark blue atmosphere of D. The soli are agitato con fuoco; much of the concerted work is allegro e non maestoso.

It suffers, however, as do many such compositions, from too much repetition. The leit motiv is simple, the free fantasia is not bad, and all in all it is made interesting to Mr. McQuirk, the organist of that church.

This tremolo agitato dates back to the silver jubilee of Monsignor Duffy, when the services of singers other than the regular choir were enlisted. Part of the trouble may be attributed to a misuse of the English language.

The quartet engaged for this special work was supposed to be a quartet of "renowned artists." Now that the resident choir should cavil at this is not at all astonishing. If the tenor and soprano had been on a par with Miss Clary, contralto, and Mr. John C. Dempsey, basso, there might have been no dissension, for none of the local singers would have disputed their right to the term "renowned artists," but that they should object to being replaced by Mr. McQuirk's "renowned pupils," Miss Murray and his brother, Mr. John McQuirk, is scarcely to be wondered at.

However, Mr. McQuirk is only suffering from the same accusation that every President of the United States who ever went into the chair has suffered from, i. e., the desire to fill all the offices with his own family or friends, and in consequence is to be blamed for nothing except his misconception of the words "renowned artists." At any rate the old choir of St. Agnes', the personnel of which is Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Buckley, Mr. Teevan and Signor Brocolini, has gone out and a new one is being formed.

The record of organists in that church is a hard one to break for thorough musicianly skill. Dr. John A. Loretz and Dr. Richard W. Crowe were precedents to Mr. McQuirk, and it will take not only a very skillful organist but a genuine scholar to sustain this record. One hears much whispering in the air and sounds of "new blood," "new methods," &c., to which I heartily agree, and would say that most of the church choirs require new blood, but they need it in the quarters of the music committee worse than anywhere else.

There is in the foregoing a fine text for a musical sermon, and it is one from which I cannot force myself away without touching upon it. It is the injurious effects of extravagance of speech or thoughts concerning musicians or players and singers. Everyone is an artist, even if his art only consists in turning the crank of a piano-organ and keeping it in time. If a hapless writer speak of a pianist as a pianist and omit that magical word artist he is forever doomed to a cold and stony stare from aforesaid pianist. You can offer no more serious affront to a singer than to say simply that he sang well. If it is not prefixed with every adjective in the Funk & Wagnall's dictionary you are accused of throwing cold water upon rising ambition.

Now, it is not the pianist or singer himself, or at least not alone, but it is the reading public whose maw is insatiable. The two words which confront you on every corner of life

are enough to make a person put down a criticism and say: "Oh, I guess it doesn't amount to very much"; here is an "if" and there is a "but," and yet people will turn around and tell you that you can't put much dependence in a criticism, when they are standing over you with a club for fear you will tell the truth and on the other side will tear you to pieces because you didn't.

When will all this nonsense stop, or what will stop it? Nobody seems to want to work upon a basis of actualities, from the most unassuming pupil to the greatest artists. People's ideas of musical conditions are too distorted anyway for the good of the art. If they want to place music among the sentiments with love, hatred, sorrow, reverence, let them look to what the distortion and exaggeration of any of these sentiments would mean, and guard accordingly against turning that great and magnificent art into an object of ridicule.

In Brooklyn there is as yet nothing that breathes of a return to the season's work.

I had a call from that excellent teacher and accompanist Mr. Alex. Rihm, who tells me that he expects to be very busy next season, judging from the engagements already made. Mr. Rihm played the accompaniments of the Brooklyn Institute concerts last seasons, and discharged the duties most acceptably both to the public and to the artists.

Mr. Ludwig Dorer called during the week.

Manhattan is still the same gay spot where many professionals drift. Mr. Wright, a young American organist, of Paris, was down this week.

The Sousa concerts continue to fill the music hall, and this week the ever-welcome Bostonians are presenting Robin Hood, their old stand-by, a favorite always.

The soloists of last Saturday and Sunday with Sousa's Band were Mr. Frank Osborne, baritone, and Miss Rene Fabrice, soprano. Miss Fabrice, a young woman from Berlin, made a very pleasing impression upon her hearers. She has a sweet, well balanced voice, with light, florid execution and a charming personality. The encore numbers given by Mr. Frank Osborne were written by Mr. H. T. McConnell, the writer of the operatic burlesque The Lady Killer, reviewed in my column some time ago.

The dinner of the Manuscript Club will occur on Friday. Two concerts will be given by Sousa's Band, the programs being as follows:

FIRST CONCERT, 2:30 P. M.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, conductor.

March, King Bomba.....Beardsley Van de Water
Sousa's Band.Selection from The Wedding Day.....Julian Edwards
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

Song, The Dream of a Word.....Addison F. Andrews
J. Armour Galloway.

(Accompanied by Mr. Louis R. Dressler.)

March, The Stars and Stripes Forever.....John Philip Sousa
Sousa's Band.Violin solo, Berceuse.....David M. Levett
Giacomo Quintano.

(Accompanied by the composer.)

March, National Guard.....Reginald De Koven
Sousa's Band.

Songs—

The Arrow and the Song.....Wm. E. Mulligan
Thou Art so Like Unto a Flower.....Wm. E. Mulligan
In the East.....Wm. E. Mulligan.

(Accompanied by the composer.)

Amaranthus Caprice.....John Francis Gilder
Grand March, Transcendental.....John Francis Gilder
(Dedicated to P. S. Gilmore.)

Sousa's Band.

Song, The Sea and the Wind.....J. Remington Fairlamb
Lewis Williams.

(Accompanied by Sousa's Band, conducted by the composer.)

Waltzes, Sans Fin.....Eduardo Marzo
Sousa's Band.

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SECOND CONCERT 3 P. M.

Grand March, The Seventh Regiment.....George F. Bristow
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

Caprice, A Morning's Souvenir.....Smith N. Penfield
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

Song, The Prize.....Laura Sedgwick Collins
Mr. W. Theodore Van York.

(Accompanied by Louis R. Dressler.)

Pastorale, With Call of the Tawny Thrush.....Carl C. Muller
Sousa's Band.Processional March.....S. B. Whitney
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

Soprano solo, Forest Song from Robin Hood.....Reginald De Koven
Miss Hilda Clark.Serenade, Pickaninny.....Rudolph Aronson
Serenade, Japonica.....Rudolph Aronson

Sousa's Band.

Song, The Gallant Knight.....Frederic C. Baumann
Mr. Grant Odell.

(Accompanied by the composer.)

A mountain idyl, Alpine Roses.....Frank A. Howson
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

Prize national song, Sons of America.....J. Remington Fairlamb
Sousa's Band.

(Conducted by the composer.)

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THE ETERNAL DUEL.

Behold the pale criminal hath nodded; from his eye there speaketh the great contempt.

THE past quinquennial has been notable for its political crimes. From 1882 to 1897 a red line may be drawn through the calendar. The years have been marked by assassination. When the cries of murder have been hushed, there have entered crimes no less base, no less disastrous. In fact the politics of the last fifteen years have been distinguished by lawlessness, crime, treachery and ingratitude.

This is an age of degeneration and disintegration, morally, financially, politically. Naturally enough it displays all the cruelty, all the cowardice and deceit which distinguished the rotten civilization of disintegrating Rome.

We are not decent—even the most hypocritical of us—but for Heaven's sake let us be frank!

It is only when we see events in the perspective of time that we get their real force. The crimes of the last fifteen years have been rattled off so rapidly that half their significance has been lost.

Who is there who has seen the significance of the assassinations of Garfield, of the Tsar Alexander II., of Cavendish and Burke, of Carnot and of Canovas?

And yet they are significant—quite as significant as Nietzsche's philosophical arraignment of the State, and far more terrible.

They were crimes against the State.

That the State itself is guilty of equivalent crimes against the individual is by no means a set-off; it is even a matter of extreme unimportance.

And yet the State cannot be held guiltless.

Modern civilization is a duel between the Rulers and the Ruled; it is an organized warfare between the State and Society.

Set down these murders to the credit of the Ruled:

Alexander II.,
Garfield,
Cavendish,
Carnot,
Canovas.

It is not a long list; it is not imposing. What crimes are to be placed to the credit of the rulers? what's on the credit side of the State ledger?

The dismissal of Bismarck—that was a crime against civilization; only those who know what Bismarck did for modern Europe know how great a crime it was.

The assassination of Stambouloff—that was a crime against a nation, a crime against liberalism, a crime against manhood. When Ferdinand, the half-whelped king, set his bandogs to kill this Rustchuk hero, to stab him countless, to beat him and hack the hands off the bleeding stumps, he fancied he had done a kingly thing, and it was all done in the savage duel between the rulers and the ruled.

The killing of Maceo was a crime against honorable warfare. Does the State, then, expect to be warred on honorably?

The murder of Prince Kim was a crime under international law; it was a crime against the people. When the Korean prime-minister was lured to Shanghai under promises of Chinese protection, only to be killed in the guest chamber, the State added a notable crime to its record.

The imprisonment of Dreyfuss was a crime against a race, and the State which sent him to New Caledonia will be the first to demand his recall.

On one side and on the other the accounts seem to stand fairly equal. In this quinquennial of crime neither side can claim a victory. Crimes of the State have been answered by crimes against the State.

The wisest and calmest thinkers recognize that in these latter days the organization of society is not wholly adequate—does not indeed serve the ends for which it was organized. These clear thinking men recognize the fact that society must be re-made and that civilization must be rebuilt. These things, also, might be quietly and profitably done were it not for the criminal folly of the eternal duellists—the Rulers and the Ruled.

"These are the Sanballats, the Horonites who disturb our men upon the wall; but let us rise up and build."

THE third series of M. Adolphe Brisson's *Portraits Intimes* will be ready shortly. Among the persons interviewed in this volume are Maurice Maeterlinck, Paul Bourget and Aristide Bruant.

BETWEEN THE ATOMS OF TIME.

AS there is an interstellar space, so there is an intermolecular space. The paper on which I write is not a white, inert, lifeless sheet. It lives with the dreamy life of millions of molecules, which pace soberly—like stately couples in a quadrille—through a space that is as vast, relatively, as that in which the stars swing.

Since there is this intermolecular space, does it seem very incredible to you that there should be an intertemporal space between the infinite atoms of time—and just as I can thrust a pen point through this sheet of paper—crowding the molecules together and widening the intermolecular space—I like to fancy that great deeds and heroic energies may tear the stuff of time.

* * *

Once I looked down into the pit where the tomb of Napoleon glooms—this red and sombre trophy of death. It was in a vast, cold chamber of porphyry and marble, full of violet shadows and pale intimations of day. High under the great dome the air was serene and blue, but at the windows the red and yellow morning lights fought and fumbled, and irked for entrance.

I looked down into the pit where Napoleon slept in his porphyry bed. I said: "He is not dead; he has torn the stuff of time."

In the interstellar spaces there wander nameless, unspeakable lights which shine to and fro and confuse the sober scientist; it is thus that Napoleon wanders, immortal, in the intertemporal space between the infinite atoms of time.

* * *

The idea pleased me very much. And I remembered that love is strong. Love laughs in the face of death. It is the white, dolorous flower of martyrdom. The kisses of love are deadlier than swords. The little deeds of love—the alabaster box of spikenard, broken—are like the clarions of the four winds which all men hear.

I said: "The little deeds of love wander to and fro in intertemporal space unspeakably bright." I thought of Mary, who is called the Magdalene. I sang to her a strophe of amorous rhymes.

* * *

Oh, Mary of Magdala, in gold you walk and white,
And your hair, all gold, is brighter than the star dust of the night;
Though kings and belted bishops died for your zealous eyes,
You shall not know the love of love, till you know mine—that dies.
Oh, Mary of Magdala, the alien merchants came,
Across the shining, sombre sands that stained their feet like flame,
To lay down at your portals their gifts of gold and nard,
Of quaintly chiseled ivory and diamonds, white and hard,
You loved them for the journey they made through fearful lands,
You loved them for the peril of the bandits and the sands;
And you loved them for the spices, the gems, the bars of gold—
(So soft you looped them round your wrist!—these wayfarers of old.
But I? I have come further than your old lovers dared,
Oh, Mary of Magdala!—with sword arm red and bared,
I have fought my way back grimly, through all the serried years—
(Oh, Mary of Magdala, the peril of the years!)
To bring to you the gueridon of my verses and my tears.

* * *

It is soothing (and it may not displease the scientist) to fancy that, after we are done with the years, we may find a subtle and secure immortality, wandering—as the dear Lord wills—in the intertemporal spaces between the flying atoms of time. It would still be soothing (and it might be less displeasing to the scientist) were one to fancy that only fine souls, purified by brave and beautiful deeds, could enter these white spaces of time—the haunts of incessant heroes and women who knew love and pity.

VANCE THOMPSON.

GERMAN papers, that is, papers published in the Empire of the Germans, state that the play *Burggraf*, that was written at the suggestion and under the auspices of the Emperor William, with a wish to make popular the story of the Hohenzollern Burggrafs of Nuremberg and their old connection with the Hapsburgs, would be more popular in Austria than it seems likely to be in the Northern Empire. It is an encomium on Rudolf von Hapsburg.



THREE theatres opened last Saturday night—the Star, with Harrison Grey Fiske's *The Privateer*; the Grand Opera House, with *A Fight for Honor*, and the Columbus, with Bartley Campbell's old favorite *The White Slave*. Monday night at the Garrick McNally's funny farce *The Good Mr. Best* was successfully produced, and next Thursday night *Nature*, after tremendous preparations, is to be put on at the Academy. By next week nearly every theatre in town will be open, and if a treacherous hot wave does not descend upon the devoted heads of the managers, business ought to be good. It was booming last week.

Alice Neilsen, known in private life as Mrs. Benjamin Nentwig—what a hideous sounding name for such a pretty girl!—has at last begun proceedings against her husband, Mr. B. N. This amiable gentleman is said to be a talented musician, living in Kansas City, and, as she avers, when he was not fiddling in the theatre he was filling his face and kicking her. He had great technic as a kicker, many witnesses say, and Miss Neilsen, who goes again with the Bostonians this season, is lucky to get rid of such a virtuoso wife beater!

This appeared in the personal column of the *Herald* last Saturday:

PENNSYLVANIA ferryboat, Friday morning, 9:30. Would lady, dark hair, brown linen skirt, blue waist, sailor hat, care to meet gentleman who sat opposite side reading *MUSICAL COURIER*? If so, please address 241 Herald. Describe gentleman.

Certainly. He was six feet five and his fingers were covered with Clementi and Chopin technic. He wore light eyebrows and could flirt with or without the aid of the naked eye. He carried in his left lap a brown bag. He noticed the lady's attire minutely, for he is an old clothes man given to music at odd moments, and he wants to buy that blue waist. How much will the lady take? It was slightly damaged, and as it will soon be out of season she ought to part with it cheap. Address Longlegs, Herald Square Pie Phaeton.

A certain English theatrical manager, though in other respects a thorough business man, could neither read nor write, but kept a private secretary, who had strict injunctions not to betray the secret. One day the manager was dining at the hotel when a gold watch was raffled for. Each of the guests staked two shillings, wrote his name on a scrap of paper, and threw it into a hat. Our manager, when his turn came to sign his name, pretended to write, rolled up the blank piece of paper, and threw it into the hat along with the rest. As chance would have it, this very paper was drawn. Great was the astonishment when it was found to be blank. But B—, the low comedian, who was present, asked to have it shown to him, and when he had examined it carefully, he gravely exclaimed: "That is our manager's handwriting. I should know it among a thousand!"

The statement was published that Oscar Hammerstein had informed the United States Mortgage and Trust Company that he should expect the company to insist on the application of the insurance of \$100,000 on the life of Albert Bial to the discharge of the mortgage on Koster & Bial's Music Hall, for which he is the bondsman. In regard to this, Isaac Fromme, counsel for Koster & Bial, said that it would be impossible for the money to be used in any other way, as, by the terms of the policy, it must be so applied, unless the mortgage should be discharged before the death of Albert Bial.

Jerome Sykes goes with De Koven & Smith's new opera, *The Highwayman*.

BERLIN, August 16.—The public censor has refused to grant a license for the production of Herr Sudermann's drama *Johannes*, because the subject of the play is a biblical one.—*Sun*.

Suppose it is biblical, there are few subjects in the Bible that are decent enough for dramatic treatment, so why not give Sudermann a chance.

The Liliputians will shortly arrive from Germany, where they have been rehearsing a new play entitled *The Fair in Midgettown*, and will open at the Star Theatre on September 12.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On re-

turning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments.

To his protestations her lofty reply was:

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madame," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should protest."—*London Figaro*.

Bussang, in the Vosges Mountains, has its People's Theatre, which seems to be a kind of lay Oberammergau performance, the plays being intended to present the peasant life of the mountains instead of religious subjects. Two performances only are given in the summer months, the first being free, while the second, at which the novelty of the year is brought out, is given before the subscribers who pay for the enterprise. The stage is a permanent structure of wood and stone, the back of which can be thrown open so as to use the real mountain scenery for a background. The auditorium is in the open air, inclosed by a wooden gallery thatched with bark, and can be covered by an awning as a protection against the sun. The orchestra, like that at Bayreuth, is concealed in a hole in the ground.

Mr. Frank Rushworth, a young tenor from Chicago, whom Mr. Hammerstein claims to have "discovered," has been engaged for the *La Poupée* cast.

Miss Ethel Barrymore sailed last week on the *St. Paul*, to join Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum company in London.

Frederick Warde and W. M. Wilkison have made arrangements whereby the latter will direct the actor's tours in the future. Mr. Warde will, for some time at least, forsake the legitimate school. For the coming season he will appear in a new romantic play entitled *Iskander*. It was written by W. D. Eaton and taken from Disraeli's well-known story, *The Rise of Iskander*. Mr. Warde's tour will open the middle of September.

Francis Carlyle, having disagreed with the Alcazar people, will be a member of the Frawley Company, San Francisco, for the balance of the season. Mr. Frawley is very much elated at securing Mr. Carlyle. It is a niche in the company he tried unsuccessfully heretofore to fill properly, Lackaye not being romantic enough and Colville not in his element in drawing room plays.

Gentle hint: Danseuse—"Baron, if I were to receive a bracelet anonymously to-morrow morning, I should be sure that it came from you."

Harry Dixey has gone into vaudeville.

Another attempt is being made to break down the inexorable rule printed upon all Covent Garden opera tickets: "Evening dress indispensable." The same rule has all the force of invariable custom in the stalls and dress circle of London theatres, so that an attack upon it in the lofty citadel of grand opera is the height of temerity. The Earl of Dysart, in a letter to the *London Times*, says: "It can surely no longer be contended that the majority of opera-goers find their principal attraction in the dress of their neighbors, seeing that the directors have very wisely adopted the Bayreuth tradition of darkening the theatre. Those who know will, I think, agree with me that it is not due to the efforts of Mayfair and Belgravia that Beethoven and Wagner have recently come to the front; and I am, therefore, at a loss to understand why this section of society should have the power to enforce their prejudice to the inconvenience of others. There are few to whom I have spoken on the subject, especially of those in the musical and artistic world, who are not of my opinion. With the opera beginning, as it sometimes does, as early as 7 o'clock, the inconvenience of evening dress (especially to those who, like myself, do not reside in London) ought to be apparent even to the most bigoted of its devotees. One might have thought that what is considered good enough in every Continental capital, where the opera house is an ornament in the fashionable quarter, should be sufficiently correct in a capital where the opera house is situated in a neighborhood reeking with cabbage leaves and other market refuse. To me it is a question whether the opera, from an educational point of view, is not even more important than the London school board, and it should, therefore, be thoroughly democratic. If *Vanity Fair* imagines that its privileges are being tampered with, I would suggest that one or two days in the week should be set aside for the star system and diamonds, and their admirers, who do not go to the opera at 7 o'clock, to have their full sway. Personally I believe that many are kept away from the opera by reason of this custom, which, whatever its merits half a century ago, is now antiquated."

For Rosemary Mr. John Drew sacrificed his mustache, and was much changed in appearance, says the *Chap Book*. This summer Mr. Max Beerbohm saw Mr. Drew in the lobby of a London theatre and approached to greet him. For the moment Mr. Drew's memory came near to failing him,

but Max's aplomb saved everything. "Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't remember me without your mustache."

Blanche Walsh and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Miner arrived from London Saturday on the St. Paul.

Young Cook (to soldier lover)—"How neatly you carve that goose!" (With a sudden outburst of jealousy): "You have deceived me! I am not your first love."

Secret Service opens the Empire Theatre September 2.

Captain Chapman, he of the whiskers, is said to be backing a burlesque show. Why, he has been at the head of one for six months and more!

Julian Edwards, the composer, has rewritten one of his earlier operas, the entire book being by Madeline Lucette Ryley. The name of this work, *The Honey Mooners*, was also the title of an opera written some years ago for Pauline Hall.

The Salvini of the Bowery, Mr. Chuck Connors, has left us, but not for long. He goes South to represent New York dudedom and his parting remarks at the wharf were touching:

"I done it for money, see. I ain't giv'n New York de throw down, but I ain't comin' back till I give dose Westen guys de dinky dink, and I won't eat nothin' for tree mont's but gold eagles on toast. A—ah, me heart's broke. I hate to leave de gang, but I needs de rocks, see!"

Mr. Palmer may manage Mr. Mansfield this season. Even if Mr. Palmer does assume the management of the modest actor it will always be "may manage."

The following is an exact copy of a letter received by a young lady, who, possessing a piano, and being about to move to a small country town, advertised for room and board with a family "musically inclined":

"Deare Miss, we think we kin sute you with room and bord if you peefer to be where there is musick. I play the fiddle, my wife the orgin, my dotter Jule the akordion, my other dotter the bango, my son Hen the gittar, my son Jim the ffoot and koronet, an my son Clem the base drum, while all of us sings gospell hims in which we would be glad to have you take part both vocal or instrumental if you play on anything. We play by ear and when we all git started there is real musick in the air. Let us know if you want to come here to bord."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Alan Dale is back from London, and is at work on the *Journal*. He had a busy summer.

At last the mandolin finds a champion. I found this in the *Times*:

As a regular reader of "all the news that's fit to print," namely the *Times*, I was quite amused with your article about the mandolin, and the part it played in rousing Mamie Steinhaus. While the mandolin has suffered greatly in the hands of mediocre players, I feel, when you claim it is not a musical instrument, that I must call your attention to the beautiful works of Beethoven, Mozart, Berlioz and many others of the old masters. Mr. Seidl, finding in the mandolin a new tone color, has added it to his orchestra.

I understand in New York to-day a plan is fast maturing to establish a permanent mandolin and guitar orchestra. This little but much abused instrument is one of the oldest in the world, its origin dating from the Egyptians, as their monuments testify. Only last June the music teachers in their national convention recognized the mandolin as a musical instrument. Up to that time they, like the New York *Times*, had been misguided.

199 Bowers Street, Jersey City, August 30, 1897.

J. M. PRIAULX.

I notice that Julian Hawthorne placed that much read and heavy, tiresome *Quo Vadis* in the same class as Flaubert's *Salamambo*.

Tut, tut, Julian!

Dvorák is to set Uncle Tom's Cabin to music. Dvorák would set a hen to music if he had to. This will be cast: Plançon, *Little Eva*; Lilli Lehmann as *Eliza*; of course cruel *Simon Legree* will be impersonated by Russitano, and there will be two *Uncle Toms*—Jean and Edouard de Reszké.

This rot I found in a Sunday newspaper: "In total darkness sat 10,000 persons for hours, and hymns of praise softly echoed as in a forest wilderness."

The 10,000 so poetically referred were a set of howling semi-humans who attended the Ocean Grove camp meeting. You can fancy how their

hymns of praise "softly echoed in the forest." At all the camp meetings I ever attended I saw men and women acting as if insane, and yelling in God knows how many keys. It may have been religion, but it was more suggestive of bedlam. Camp meetings are evidently designed for persons of weak mentality and powerful lungs.

The cables had pleasant things to say of Martha Morton's old play with a new name that was recently produced in London. This, however, was the criticism in the London letter of the *Telegraph*:

"A beautiful theme absolutely spoiled" is the verdict of the critics here in regard to Martha Morton's play, *The Sleeping Partner*, which is known in America as *His Wife's Father*. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that *The Sleeping Partner* is vulgar and wearisome, and utterly lacking in the qualities which go to make a successful play of the farce or light comedy order. The piece was put on here in good style, was well cast, but we don't like it.

A serious mannered Irish member name Blake (relates Henry W. Lucy in the July *North American Review*) is remembered for a brief correspondence he read to the delighted House. It was introduced in a speech delivered in debate on the Irish Sunday closing bill. Mr. Blake had, he confidentially informed the House, an uncle who regularly took six tumblers of whiskey toddy daily. This troubled him, and after much thought he resolved to write and remonstrate with his relative. The following was the letter? "My Dear Uncle—I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whiskey a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be that, as I am persuaded, it would be the means of lengthening your days." The uncle replied: "My Dear Nephew—I am much obliged to you for your dutiful letter. I was so much struck by what you said, and, in particular, by your kind wish to lengthen my days, that last Friday I gave up the whiskey. I believe you are right, my boy, as to my days being lengthened, for, bedad! it was the longest day I ever remember."

The long literary partnership between Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, writes the *Saturday Review*, gave rise to many misconceptions as to the share of each in the works they produced; especially in those works the success of which was owing to the comic element they contained. Meilhac, with his mercurial temperament, his utter absence of conventionality, his fondness for practical joking and, above all, his ready—somewhat too ready—biting wit, was generally credited with having contributed the greater part of the brilliant and quaint conceits and so forth. Halévy, who looks like a Hebrew prophet as we imagine Isaiah or Ezekiel to have been, and who is, in fact, very serious, was supposed to have conceived and elaborated the plots. The very reverse was the case. As a rule the plot originated with the restless man, the topsy-turvy dialogue with the sedate and unperturbed one. Meilhac was exceedingly good-natured, but hasty. At rehearsals he stormed and raved, and the only one who was really not afraid of him was Hortense Schneider.

THE "PUFFING" OF BOOKS.

THE *Literary Review* of Boston—a new periodical and an admirable one—has a thoughtful and temperate article on the advertising "organs" which pose as literary and critical journals. Read here:

Such sheets as *Appleton's*, that are frankly advertising schemes, and eclectic reviews of the nature of *Book News* and the *Literary News*, whose opinions are necessarily those of someone else, may be disregarded. Indeed, the only ones that cause us to consider as to their exact positions are those issued by general publishing houses, as the *Book Buyer*, *The Bookman*, the *Chap-Book* and others. To consider only these then, it is quite evident that the *Chap-Book* is run on the highest lines, and with the purest ideals, and this is brought about by allowing no reference to the books published by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. to appear in the reading pages of their review. The thing is, one would think, reasonably simple, though even the slightest glance at either of the other periodicals will at once reveal that such is apparently not the case.

We imagine that the reason of this lack of mention and over-mention is that, in the first case, the editors desire to preserve a reputation for impartiality and critical ability that would suffer should they serve up their own books, or, if these qualities remained intact, their books would not, which would be equally unfortunate. The case of the *Book Buyer* and *The Bookman* is plainly a case of less impartiality and more advertising. Critical ability may also suffer, it is to be feared, and a severe arraignment of any Scribner or Dodd Mead publication appearing in their respective journals has not as yet been called to our attention. But really, on second consideration, the condition of affairs is not so serious after all, and the looks of the thing is perhaps its most objectionable feature, for it is quite as reasonable to suppose that the publisher's opinion will influence book purchasers' judgment as that the word of a horse trader would be accepted without a dissenting murmur when a deal in horseflesh is contemplated.

A decidedly pitiable spectacle, however, is afforded every month by Mr. Laurence Hutton with his perpetrations in the back of *Harper's Magazine* styled *Literary Notes*. To writers with a respect for their craft it is both discouraging and disgusting that one should thus frankly set himself down as a paid puffer, absolutely devoid of opinions, and whose only care is that his laudatory adjectives last out his allotted four pages. Once in a great while Mr. Hutton may so far forget himself as to speak of another than a Harper publication, as his recent well merited words of commendation for Mr. Stinson and King Noanett. But, indeed Mr. Hutton has plainly reached such a stage of mental decrepitude that to damn a book would be completely beyond him.



THE first gun of the theatrical season was fired Saturday night at the Star Theatre. It went off with much noise, a pretty flash and commendable success.

The play was *The Privateer*, by Harrison Grey Fiske, who is well known as an experienced and efficient writer for the stage. An exceptional interest hung round the "first night," for it was known that Mr. Fiske had called in law and lawyers to prevent the production. Neither the cast nor the scenic environment Mr. Fiske claimed were as good as they should have been. The impartial playgoer is rather inclined to agree with Mr. Fiske. Had *The Privateer* been as well staged and as well played as, for instance, *The Heart of Maryland* was, it might have successfully born comparison with Mr. Belasco's fine melodrama. As it was *The Privateer* was handicapped by incapable players and slipshod scenic effects.

In spite of all it was a success.

It fitted the taste of the audience like a glove.

To write an original melodrama is just about as difficult as to discover a new sin.

There are not very many dramatic situations—only thirty-six, M. Georges Polti will tell you—and of these only a few are of any use in melodrama. Ambition, which leads to crime, treachery, friendship, love, justice gone astray—out of these antique materials Mr. Fiske has built up a sound and moving play. He has not complicated his story with any of the modern and modish attempts at psychologizing and characterization. His villain is a good, straightforward villain; his hero is utterly heroic; his betrayed girl is thoroughly betrayed; his miser is a forthright miser. In a word, the whiteness of the white and the blackness of the black make *The Privateer* a model melodrama.

Chaucer held that it was his business to "provide fine tales."

That, too, is the business of the melodramatist. And that Mr. Fiske has done.

Here you have the captain of a privateersman who for twenty years has not set a foot on shore. In that long ago he had suspected his wife of unfaithfulness, and she, poor wretch, had drown herself. Incidentally she had left her baby boy on the shore and the child had been saved by an honest sailor, *Jacques Moreau*. Now that twenty years have passed the waif has grown up to be a fine fellow, and loves the captain's niece, a blond heiress. This you must remember happens in Brittany in the eighteenth century.

The captain's lieutenant is the villain. He and his father, the old miser, devise a stirring plot; they will pass off the lieutenant as the captain's long-lost son. But first they must destroy the real son and the honest sailor, *Jacques Moreau*. The villain locks the two good folk in an old mill. He fires the mill. The honest sailor, incredibly valorous, saves himself and the waif.

Nothing daunted—when was a William daunted?—he tries again. He compels the betrayed girl (whom he has betrayed, the rascal!) to hide a stolen and compromising paper in the honest sailor's pocket. *Jacques Moreau* is arrested, condemned, sentenced to be shot at sunrise on the deck of the privateersman. Here the waif steps forward like a man. He bids *Jacques* go home and bid his wife and children farewell, he himself will be his surety till dawn. *Jacques* is released; his friend is shackled.

It is Damon and Pythias over again.

It is the eternal story of men's friendship. The ragged rascals in the gallery howled approval, for always do the ragged rascals approve virtue and honor and comely dealing.

Why do they?

Ah, that goes beyond criticism into ethics.

It is true, however; quite as true that the honest, respectable, cultured people who sit in the orchestra chairs and who never picked a pocket, betrayed an innocent girl, "burgled" a second story or kicked their mothers, do always sneer and perk and grin at stage pictures of heroism, virtue and honesty.

Why?

Ah, my dear friend, why are swallows short-lived and why do women kiss dogs and why did Dr. Johnson stuff his pockets with orange-peel?

Revenous à nos héros.

Jacques Moreau sits in his little cottage and writes a letter to the captain, explaining that the waif is the captain's long lost son. He gives it to his

wife, for the captain is away on business. To her comes the thorough paced villain. He bargains with her and offers to let the husband escape if the letter is given up to him. She consents. The villain rows away in the only boat and there *Jacques* is left three leagues away from the ship where his friend is held as his hostage. The night is passing. *Jacques* leaps into the sea to swim to the ship and his death.

Then (in what should have been an effective scene had it been properly managed) you see the honest sailor toiling through the sea and the villain row alongside him in a small boat and fire two pistol shots into the struggling wretch.

Here was condensed villainy—a Liebig extract of villainy.

On the quarter-deck the villain stands gloating over the poor waif, who is trussed up and blindfolded ready to be shot.

He gives the word to fire, when *Jacques Moreau* clammers over the side and calls a halt. Need I tell you how the villain is balked and punished, how the "rightful heir" comes into his own and marries the blonde heiress to boot, though I trust he doesn't boot her. You are foreseeing, and all this you have foreseen.

But this is a "fine tale," is it not? Dan Chaucer would have approved. It is just the sort of a story a melodrama should have.

In addition, even from the slight sketch I have given, you may see that Mr. Fiske has set his melodrama in a picturesque environment. His villain and his hero come trailing clouds of romance. There is no disquieting realism. It is a fine old crusted melodrama—and melodrama, like port, is all the better for being old. The craftsmanship is uncommonly good. Mr. Fiske may sit down and smoke his pipe and thank God that he has written a capital melodrama, in which there is plenty of excitement, plenty of fighting, love-making, stabbing, kissing, and that sound old heroism that warms the cockles of one's heart.

The Privateer was badly enough played. The only players who stood out of the general incapacity were Henry Bagge, who played *Jacques Moreau* sympathetically and discreetly, and Miss Margaret Raven, who took the part of the Girl Betrayed.

The Privateer made a hit, and you should see it.

There was an epidemic of melodrama Saturday night. It broke out in a sort of red rash all over town. Not being a blooming sparrow I could not be in three places at once, or I might have seen the tribulations of an innocent convict displayed at the Grand Opera House, in Mr. Harvey's *A Fight for Honor*, or even the good old White Slave, at the Columbus Theatre. Perhaps my *confrère* who writes "The Play's the Thing" saw them; I 'ave 'opes.

BRATTLEBOROUGH, Vt., Aug. 18.—Rudyard Kipling cabled to-day to relatives in Brattleborough that his wife had given birth to a son and that both mother and child are doing well. Mrs. Kipling was a Miss Balestier, of Brattleborough.

Nary rag, nor a bone, nor a hank of hair.
(Even as you and I).

Poor Nietzsche was taken from Naumburg to Weimar during the night of July 22. He was carried into the railroad car fast asleep, but stood the journey well. He sits all day quite still, only when some street noises disturb him; he utters unintelligible sounds, but becomes quiet when anyone reads to him, although he seems not to understand what is read. It is rather difficult to dress or undress him, as a certain stiffness in his limbs has lately been developed. Otherwise he looks healthy.

Coquelin aîné is said to have taken a lease of the Porte St. Martin theatre in Paris, the management of which he will intrust to a young dramatic author.

The old, old story of Immerman, Münchhausen, is the subject of a new musical dramatic work, which is shortly to be published in Germany. There is nothing very remarkable about this, but curiosity is excited as to the names of the authors. The piece in three acts is described as set to music by Hans Ferdinand Hans. These three Christian names represent a trinity of authors, two of whom are writers well known and highly esteemed in Wagnerian circles, and the third is one of the most distinguished of contemporary composers.

Another society woman is booked for the stage. She is Miss Martha Leonard, the daughter of Col. Robert Leonard, of Bedford, N. Y., who returned from Europe recently. Miss Leonard, who is well known in New York society, was about to make her début as an actress here two years ago, but the objections of her family prevented. Evidently she has secured the consent of her parents, for she will sail for London in a short time to act with

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Lyceum Theatre there. She will appear in Othello and Hamlet, and will be Mrs. Campbell's understudy in the roles of *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*.

Miss Leonard, who is now about twenty-seven years old, is a slender, interesting looking blonde. Three years ago she went to Paris and studied acting under Delaunay, of the Comedie Française, but it was not supposed then by her friends that she was doing this with any intention of acting professionally. One of her sisters is Mrs. Morgan, whose husband is a student at the Beaux-Arts in Paris now.

* * *

And still the stage is not elevated.

* * *

The reference to Bismarck in another page of this issue of THE COURIER recalls a story which Max Bachmann, the sculptor, tells now and then. So far as I know it has never been printed.

Bismarck was sent on a diplomatic mission to Ludwig the First, King of Bavaria. This worthy monarch had two riddles which he had fashioned himself. He was fond of putting them, and it was etiquette of course to confess oneself unable to solve them.

The first riddle was:

What would you do if you were a dentist?

Answer: "Pull the Tooth of Time."

The second riddle was:

What would you do if you were a diver?

Answer: "Dive into the Sea of Eternity."

* * *

Bismarck was invited to dine with the king. The chamberlain explained to the young Prussian envoy that the king must be humored in his fancy that the riddles were too deep to be guessed. He asked Bismarck to promise not to answer them.

"But that's absurd," said Bismarck, "everyone in Munich knows the riddles and their answers. The comic journals have printed them and even the street urchins know them. I can't stultify myself before the court by pretending not to know."

The chamberlain threatened to cancel the invitation. This Bismarck could not afford.

"Suppose I do not give the right answer," suggested the young diplomat, "will that do?"

"Perfectly," replied the chamberlain, "as long as you do not give the right answer you may guess what you please."

* * *

At table the chamberlain led up to the subject and suggested that His Majesty try his riddles on the young Prussian. The king was delighted. His chief joy in life lay in propounding his riddles.

"What would you do if you were a dentist?" he asked craftily.

"Dive into the Sea of Eternity," said Bismarck solemnly.

* * *

The chamberlain was "gizzy."

* * *

"Gizzy," by the way, is one of the RACONTEUR's pet "portmanteau" words, and is, of course, an amalgam of giddy and dizzy. It is quite equal to any of Lewis Carroll's similar inventions. By the way, last evening, while I was reading the first eclogue of Calpurnius—for no sane reason save that I was weary of newspapers—I came upon the earliest example, so far as I know, of the "portmanteau" word:

Bullantes ubi fagus aquas radice sub ipsa Protegit (Where the beech tree protects the waters that bubble about its feet.)

Now *bullantes* is no true word, but is unquestionably a "portmanteau" word made up of *bullas* and *excitantes*. I commend it to the erudite RACONTEUR and to the ingenious author of Alice in Wonderland.

* * *

I see that my editor—or should I write MY EDITOR?—has the doctors on his hands, which is quite as trying as Mr. Cleveland's historic predicament. I should like to refer him to the letters which Petrarch wrote to his friend Boccaccio in 1360-75. The twentieth letter especially would interest him. It is a "Formal Requisitory against Doctors of Medicine," and abounds in malice and sharp speaking. There be aculeate and proper words.

* * *

Well, I doff my cap—I wear it to keep the smoke out of my hair—and bid a sad farewell to vagrom paragraphs about "portmanteau" words and the like. The tam-tam has sounded. In every theatre they are dusting the ticket racks. The season has begun, and the playwright bringeth forth fruit in his season. And so for many nights I shall wander through the playhouses and brawl morally. It is well. The summer is well-nigh over. Adios to the nut-brown daughters (wholesome girls), to rod and reel and the shrinking bathing suit. The curtain is up, and Maese Pedro has his puppets all in order.

Here's a fair field and no favors, and may the devil take the hindmost! Selah!

V. T.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

THE OUTLAW'S LASS.

*Duncan's lyin' on the cauld hillside,
Donal's swingin' on the hangman's yew;
Black be the fa' o' the sergeant's bride
Wha broke two troths, to keep ae tryst true.*

The red coats march at the skreek o' day,
An' we maun lie wi' the brock to-night;
Then here's to them safely on their way,
Speed to the mirk brings the mornin's fight.

Here's luck to me, if you chance to fa',
An' here's to luck if it favors you;
For she's but aye, an' o' us there's twa,
To him that's left may she yet prove true.

In days to come, when the reivers' ride,
They'll miss ae sword that was swift an' keen,
An' you or I, as the Fates decide,
Will curse the power o' a woman's e'en.

A parting cup, we will drink it noo,
Synae break the quaich to a shattered faith:
Here's happiness to the lass we loe,
The lying lass wha deceived us baith.

*The soldiers drink in the change-house free,
The tinker's clinkin' a cracket quaich,
But cuddlin' there on the sergeant's knee
Wha is the lass that is laughin' laich?*

—Charles Murray in *Black and White*.

* * *

"Liliuokalani of Hawaii, Patron of the Polynesian Historical Society," is the name that will appear on a translation of an ancient Hawaiian chant, the very chant that was sung to Captain Cook by Puou, the high priest. Mr. Nathan H. Dole, in the *Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*, gives some extracts from this cosmogony of Polynesia. The first stanza runs:

At the time that turned the heat of the earth,
At the time when the heavens turned and changed,
At the time when the light of the sun was subdued
To cause light to break forth,
At the time of the night of Makalii (winter),
Then began the slime which established the earth,
The source of deepest darkness,
Of the depth of darkness, of the depth of darkness,
Of the darkness of the sun, in the depth of night.
It is night,
So was night born.

In the part devoted to fishes we read:

Then was born a child (kama), 'twas a Hilu and swam.
The Hilu is a fish with standing fins,
On which Pouliuli sat.
So undecided seemed Powehiwehi,
For Pouliuli was husband
And Powehiwehi his wife.

I hope Mr. Andrew Lang, who is a great folklorist, will explain why Pouliuli sat upon a fish because his wife was undecided. Why did he not eat her in the kindly Polynesian fashion? Or take her away by force from the prehistoric bargain counter where she lingered undecided?

There are some still more mysterious lines where it is declared that

Night gave birth to the brown lobster,
The night of commotion for the Aia lobster,
The birth night of the lazy monster
Was a wet night for the rolling monster.
Night gave birth to clinging beings,
And Night loudly called for roughness.
Night gave birth to wailing—
A night of drawback to oblivion,
Night gave birth to high noses,
Night dug deep for Jelly Fish,
Night gave birth to slush,
So the night must wait for motion.

"Brown lobster" is certainly more lifelike than M. Jules Janin's "Cardinal of the seas." The lines seem prophetic of the Tenderloin district; there, indeed, the rolling monster has a wet night pretty often; there night gives birth to clinging beings, and Captain Chapman calls for roughness, and there is much wailing next morning. But we cannot make out the ineffable mystery of "Night gave birth to high noses." I venture suggesting the conjectural emendation of "bloody noses" as more in consonance with the previous lines, and the following allusions to Coney Island and the weary waiting for the trolley to get into motion.

But after all the book will be a valuable contribution to savage folklore and supplement Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Mythology*.

* * *

Kienzl has in his *Miscellen* an appreciative article on Smetana. The composer of *The Bartered Bride* was a Bohemian, and "his wild talent" soon attracted the interest of his teacher, Proksch. His first opera was *The Brandenburgers* in Bohemia, and was given with great success at the Czech Theatre at Prague, where he was capellmeister from 1865 to 1874. On October 20, in that year, he suddenly in a single night lost his hearing, and lost it forever. When Kienzl saw him in 1882 he could only communicate with him in writing, although Smetana was able to talk fluently. He told his visitor that he could compose only in moments of supreme inspiration, otherwise the notes seemed as cold as the numerals in a sum. But when he began to write, everything appeared glorified in a wonderful transfiguration. It was in this state of utter deafness that he wrote his symphonic poems; a still more grievous affliction soon followed. In 1884 he lost his senses and was removed to a madhouse, where he died in May of that year.

Kienzl thinks that his chief strength lay in the symphonic, orchestral side of music. He possessed not only perfect knowledge of the boldest contrapuntal

forms, but could subordinate them to poetic ideas, while he was a harmonist of remarkable wealth, and handled the orchestra, especially in mass-effect, marvelously. His style is vigorous and energetic, yet he succeeded in those tones of deep and tender feeling which are so characteristic of Bohemian national Volkslieder.

His six symphonic poems, written during his deafness and entitled *My Fatherland*, are exclusively patriotic. In Wyszehrad he celebrates the fastness sung of by the singer prince Lassir; in *Vltava* (the Moldau River) the musical poet sits in his boat and tunes his lyre to express the various moods of feeling as he drifts down the stream, forests with the hunter's horn, taverns with bridal fêtes, nymphs bathing by moonlight, finally the cataract, the St. John's rapids and the entrance of the stream into the hundred towered city of Prague. *Scharka* is the Bohemian Amazon, or rather Judith, who massacres in their drunken sleep the hordes of the Knight Ctirad; From Bohemia's Forest and Plain is a pastoral symphony; *Tabor*, a fanatically serious picture with the Hussite inspiration, while *Blanik* depicts how the Hussite champions are sleeping in the mountain Blanik, to awaken one day, as in the Kyffhäuser legend, and free their fatherland from the hated German.

In this program work we seem to discover a clearly developed form, so logical is the construction of each of these works; the form is not a cut and dried form, but springs independently from the subject matter.

* * *

The ex-Empress Eugénie, according to a romantic story, has been at Paris to see her grandson pass his examination for the military school of St. Cyr. The story runs that the unfortunate Prince Louis, fell in love with the daughter of a London tailor, who returned his love. She did not know till after the birth of her child that her lover was the Prince Imperial, and that he had been sent to Africa by command of the empress. The lover being thus out of the way, the deserted nymph was induced by "influential personages" to marry a gardener. When the news of the Prince's death came, Lottie Kelly vanished from London, leaving her child, Wallie Kelly, in the care of a Miss Martin. The empress, whose bereavement had conquered her pride, took compassion on her son's child and sent it to school at Paris, and it is reported that all her late visits to that city have been to see the lad. Those who have seen the young artillery officer declare that he is very like his father.

AN ANECDOTE OF MEILHAC.

TO finish with an anecdote about Meilhac. Two years ago he lost his best friend, M. Paul Poirson, whom he had made his residuary legatee. Meilhac was much affected by his death, and it was some time before he could recover from the blow. A few months later on he became firmly attached to M. Ganderax, with whom he collaborated a comedy for the Français.

One evening, while at a party given by Madame Pozzi, he found himself by the side of M. Ganderax, to whom he abruptly said, "My dear Ganderax, since Poirson is dead, will you be my heir?" Surprised at this proposal, M. Ganderax could not dissemble his confusion. "But, my dear friend," replied Ganderax, "you are not dying yet, and I can't see why you think of your testament. At all events, you must have older friends than myself." Meilhac rejoined, "That has nothing to do with it. I simply asked you, yes or no, will you consent to become my heir?" Ganderax held out his hand, and answered; "In that case, my dear Meilhac, I may consider that, in speaking thus to me, you ask me if I will be your best friend. I therefore willingly accept your proposal."

Remembering the large sums of money he earned by his pieces, it is perhaps astonishing that he has left such a small fortune—about £6,000. It is true, he was generous even to extravagance, and the more he made the more he spent. His funeral at the Madeleine was attended by all the celebrities in art, science and literature.—*London Globe*.

THE PASSION PLAY.

THE PASSION PLAY, as is well known, is given every ten years by the peasants of Oberammergau. The date for the next performance should be 1900. The committee having the matter in charge, however, is afraid of the competition of the Universal Exposition at Paris, which is set for the same date. In this new contest between the Church and the age, the committee fears that it will not be the Church which will attract the crowd.

Now, the peasants of Oberammergau have become a thrifty folk, and more and more they merit the grim German nickname: the Oberammergeier. As birds of prey they are eminently successful.

Their latest move has been to address a petition to the Prince Regent of Bavaria praying him to authorize the performance of The Passion Play in 1899 or in 1901. The Prince has not yet given his answer to this petition, but the Bavarian newspapers have already begun to deplore this project of the Oberammergeier. The lamentations of the *Catholic Post*, of Augsburg, are particularly touching. "On the contrary," it says, "it is necessary by all means to insist that The Passion Play be given in 1900. These religious solemnities would furnish a precious antidote to the lascivious amusements of the modern Babylon," &c.

It will be interesting to know whether the learned editor of the *Catholic Post* spends the summer of 1900 in the sacred recreation of Oberammergau or the lascivious pleatings of the modern Babylon.

The Stage Abroad.

IN Oberstdorf, in Bavaria, there have been performances of an ancient ballet called *The Wildmen's Dance*. It is older than any Oberstdorfer can remember—a thousand years old or so. The theatre is placed in a green meadow, surrounded by pine-clad mountains, with, as background, a glacier glittering in the sunlight. The coulisses are made of pine branches, and two pine trees bound the stage. The twelve Wildmen have devoted weeks to sewing mosses of varied kinds in their garments and making wigs and beards of moss. Unfortunately, a prejudiced Berliner says, the Wildmen dance very tamely.

* * *

The Barrisons and Lona's husband continue to get lots of free advertising in Germany by their numerous lawsuits. Their last appearance in court seems to have been as prosecutors of a newspaper for publishing the speech of the prosecuting attorney in a former case. This learned gentleman let out a flood of eloquence. Look on this picture and on that. Here a respected, tax-paying citizen, there an international catalinarian being, here a German patriot, there a man without a country, an old-time anarchist, a man who lives by the public undressing of his wife. The counsel for the defendant produced the judgment of a court in Copenhagen sentencing Fléron to thirty days imprisonment, and in the argument said: "He praised the murder of Alexander II., he suggested the murder of the Kaiser Wilhelm I., and I think I am justified in repeating the expression made by his grandson respecting men such as Fléron."

The Court: "I must beg you to leave the person of the Emperor out of the argument."

This refers to what is given above, as "a man without a country," ein Vaterlandsloser Geselle, the term the Kaiser used respecting the opposition to his Navy Bill.

* * *

Mascagni has rushed into print once more. This time it is to deny the reports that he will leave Pesaro for Parma. He writes: "First of all I shall never take part in any competition. [How about his first success in the Cavalleria competition?] In the second place I should be a fool to leave the Lyceum of Pesaro, with its golden autonomy, for the Royal Conservatory at Parma, which is under the Government. This is quite independent of the fact that the pay at Pesaro is twice as great as in Parma. Finally, and this is the chief reason, I have not the slightest inclination to play the part of director of a conservatory as a profession. If I remain in Pesaro, it is because the noble Rossini foundation here is the only one in Italy which offers me the assurance to bring speedily to completion the ideal that hovers before me if my strength permits me."

* * *

"He was a man of enterprise; a restless spirit. Villebecque became manager of a small theatre and made money. If Villebecque with a sous had been a schemer, Villebecque with a small capital was a very Chevalier Law of theatrical managers. He took a large theatre and even that succeeded. Soon he was recognized as lessee of more than one, and still he prospered. Villebecque began to deal in opera houses. He enthroned himself in Paris; his envoys were heard of at Milan and Naples, at Berlin and St. Petersburg. His controversy with the Conservatoire at Paris ranked among state papers.

Flushed with his prosperity and confident in his constant success, nothing would satisfy him but universal empire. He had established himself at Paris, his dynasties at Naples and at Milan; but the North was not to him, and he was determined to appropriate it. Berlin fell before a successful campaign, though a costly one; but St. Petersburg and London still remained. Resolute and reckless, nothing deterred Villebecque. One season all the opera houses in Europe obeyed his nod, and at the end of it * * * " *Coningsby*, Bk. IV., Ch. 7.

"The bearings of these remarks," said Captain Cuttle, "lies in the application of them."

* * *

Lamoureux, in a letter to the *Paris Temps*, writes that the theatre which he intends to found, now that he has abandoned his concerts, will be no more Wagnerian than Rossinian. It will be simply at the service of art, with distinction of schools, either in music or literature.

As to the concerts, he adds that his retirement need not involve their cessation, if the artists are willing to work under a new chief, or will accept a combination which will permit him to remain at their head in a less absorbing position. He gives no hint as to the combination to which he alludes; as in another letter he speaks of the heavy, material responsibility that he has borne for sixteen years, which has led people to think him a partner of Rothschilds, it may be conjectured that he wants a financial banker in addition to the State subvention.

* * *

Another variation on the same sempiternal theme has been given at the Comédie Française. M. Jules Case some time ago published a novel of an audacious character, *Jeune Menage*, in which the hero and heroine are not a mere man and woman, but the male and female sexes and their inevitable discord. Having, however, the fear of Père la Pudeur before his

eyes, M. Case in dramatizing his novel makes his action turn on incompatibility of his characters. The play is in four acts, and is called *La Vassale*, and reminds one of Ibsen's *Doll's House* and Hervieu's *Les Tenailles*. Whether *Henri* is too ardent or *Louise* too cold, M. Case leaves us to conjecture; but marriage has turned their love into repugnance. *Henri* takes a mistress, *Louise* takes a lover, although she was for a time held back from the abyss by the advice of her husband's mother, who recommends her to recognize the eternal sacrifice of the female to the male. But *Louise* is a new woman; she disdains to be a vassal. The great scene is where she confesses that she has a lover, and the fourth act, where Mlle. Brandes was superb.

MADRID has seen a new scene in *Carmen*. A pair of lovers, before committing suicide, left a dying request that they should be buried together. Their parents objected, the Church objected, but the cigareras would have it so. To the number of 4,000 they accompanied the funeral procession without any disturbance till it reached the spot where the roads to two cemeteries divided. Then they rushed to the hearses, pulled the drivers from their seats and made the horses of both hearses proceed to the San Lorenzo necropolis. At the grave General Ramiro with his staff met them, and seeing the gravity of the situation he begged the stern parents to permit the lovers to be interred together, in order to avoid a conflict. Then twenty cigar girls bore the pair of lovers to their common grave and covered it with flowers. Like *Carmen*, the cigareras love "grave passions," while General Ramiro seems as pliable as *Don José*.

The theosophical play entitled *An Exchange of Identity*, written by Miss Pauline C. Rust, of this city, and Dore Davidson, of New York city, has been submitted to every intelligent manager in this country and some of the most prominent English stars, and in every instance the play has been rejected upon the same grounds, "that the theme which treats strongly upon an occult science is eminently ahead of the times, and therefore would be an unsafe venture," says the *Boston Traveller*. While they may admit its general merit and extreme novelty, the public would not be in sympathy with the subject, nor could the play succeed through the virtue of a story which might be intensely interesting, but which could not be accepted as a practical science. This has been the universal opinion of all managers, including Sir Henry Irving and other English stars. Mr. Davidson, who is an enthusiast upon the subject, is bold enough to think that they may all be wrong, and to satisfy himself as well as to place the play in a position so that the press and the public may have an opportunity to judge of its merits, he has decided to give a public reading of the manuscript. Mr. Charles Frohman has already offered the use of the Garrick Theatre for this test and the prospects are that the reading will occur early in September.

AFTER the failure of *Spiritisme*, Dr. Belgraff and kindred plays, it is not a matter of surprise that managers should shy at Mr. Davidson's theosophical drama.

In the issue for May 12 THE COURIER gave a short history of the occult play, and pointed out that only two had gained even a modicum of success. These were Scribe's *Magnetisme* and The Corsican Brothers, which was essentially a melodrama embroidered with "telepathy."

Personals.

Kathrin Hilke.—Miss Kathrin Hilke, the well-known soprano, has been spending a most prosperous and enjoyable summer singing in music festivals and visiting a number of the principal summer resorts. She has appeared at the Round Lake music festival, the Troy Männerchor fest and the Silver Lake festival, besides most successful concerts at Cooperstown, N. Y., and several other places. She will have a very busy season this winter.

Accident to Dempsey.—While driving to a sick communicant at Larchmont with the Rev. Richard Cobden, whose guest he was, Mr. John C. Dempsey, the baritone, and Mr. Cobden were thrown from the runabout by a runaway team that dashed into them. This occurred on Monday morning. Mr. Dempsey's arm was fractured and he was bruised considerably, but it is gratifying to notice that no permanent injuries were sustained by him.

Brilliant Pupils of Lena Doria Devine.—The following is an excerpt from last Sunday's *Herald*. The two twin sisters Bessie and Jessie Abbott are well known in New York, and receive their first instruction from Mme. Lena Doria Devine:

A stroke of very good fortune has befallen one of the Abbott sisters. When the Abbotts were going to Europe last spring they had as fellow passengers the de Reszkes, and Mr. Dillingham, the manager of the Secret Service company, introduced them (the Abbotts) to the de Reszkes. Jean de Reszke was much pleased with Bessie Abbott's voice and asked her to sing for him again in London. A few days afterward Mrs. Abbott was surprised to receive an offer from the tenor to educate the young woman for the operatic stage. Miss Abbott is to spend six months studying in Paris, and then goes to Italy for another six months' course. If her voice fulfills expectations M. de Reszke will launch her on the operatic stage.

Banda Rossa and New Music.—The concerts of the Banda Rossa at the Metropolitan Opera House, commencing on October 15, will be the first ones to present selections from *La Bohème*, also from the other Italian works, as Sorrentino, the leader of the organization, is a warm friend and fellow-student of nearly all of the composers mentioned, and will make the selections from their works strong features of his program.

The modern school of Italian operatic composers, of which Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and the author of *André Chenier* are such brilliant exponents, is again attracting the

attention of musical circles in Europe through the great success of *La Bohème* in Italy and Germany. This opera, by Leoncavallo, is proving fully as popular as his *Pagliacci*; but Puccini has also written an opera, which has just been accepted for presentation in Berlin, on exactly the same subject (H. Munger's romance, *Scenes in the Life of a Bohemian*), with the same title, *La Bohème*, and quite a stir has been created over the matter by the critics as well as the friends of both composers. As their will be no operative production of the works in America the first season, the only opportunity to judge of their merits will be from hearing the orchestral excerpts first given by the Banda Rossa.

Ysaye.—Ysaye, in company with his friend and fellow artist M. Raoul Pugno, will arrive in this country on or about November 7, and will make his headquarters at the Brevoort House. This means that this famous old hostelry will be the principal rendezvous of all the great artists in New York this winter, as Proprietor James has set aside the hotel annex for their special accommodation during the coming season, where he also purposes fixing up a special café and lounging room exclusively for the artists and their friends.

Ysaye cares not a rap for social formalities and such folderol, he wants to go and come when he pleases, and to be always surrounded by convivial spirits like himself. If he takes the notion to get up at 9 o'clock in the morning, all right, he does so; but if he feels like lying abed or staying in his room until 4 in the afternoon, he does that.

They tell the story of how his manager once was shown to his room the morning after a concert and found him in a ludicrous state of dishabille, he being too lazy to bother about dressing. You can imagine how funny it must have been to see this huge fellow (for Ysaye weighs 230 good solid pounds avoirdupois if he weighs a single ounce), with his long hair in wild disorder and himself in pajamas, or a bed sheet worn a la Julius Cæsar, I am not sure which. Others dropped in to congratulate him on his great success of the previous evening, but the story goes that Ysaye had no use for his clothes or his valet that day. It was a merry party. They talked and smoked and told stories. By and by Ysaye got out his violin, and Aimé Lachaume accom-

THE BADGE OF MEN.

"IN shuttered rooms let others grieve,
And coffin thought in speech of lead;
I'll tie my heart upon my sleeve;
It is the Badge of Men," he said.

His friends forsook him: "Who was he!"
Even beggars passed him with a grin;
Physicians called it lunacy;
And priests, the unpardonable sin.

He strove, he strove for standing ground;
They beat him humbled from the field;
For though his sword was keen, he found
His mangled heart a feeble shield.

He slunk away, and sadly sought
The wilderness—false friend of woe,
"Man is the enemy," he thought;
But Nature proved a fiercer foe:

The vampire sucked, the vulture tore,
And the old dragon left its den,
Agape to taste the thing he wore—
The ragged, bleeding Badge of Men.

"Against the Fates there stands no charm,
For every force takes its own part:
I'll wear a buckler on my arm,
And in my bosom hide my heart."

But in his bosom prisoned fast
It pained him more than when it beat
Upon his sleeve, and so he cast
His troubles to the ghouls to eat.

Back to the city there and then
He ran, and saw, through all disguise,
On every sleeve the Badge of Men;
For truth appears to cruel eyes.

Straight with his sword he laid about,
And hacked and pierced their hearts until
The beaten, terror-stricken rout
Begged on their knees to know his will.

He said: "I neither love nor hate;
I would command in everything."
They answered him: "Heartless and great!
Your slaves we are; be you our king!"

—John Davidson, in the *Saturday Review*.

ROBERTO BRACCO'S last work, *La Fine dell'Amore*, introduces us to a young lady of rank and apparently first-class character. Her faults spring from her marriage to a phlegmatic, utterly uncongenial husband. She lives separate from him and has five admirers. She feels very much disposed to fall in love with one of them, but she begins to think that neither she nor any of her admirers have passion enough to really love. Then her husband comes in, and she hopes that she can truly and really love him. In a very effective scene she convinces herself that his visit has been a mere fancy, that he had not been led back by real love. Hence she concludes that she can neither inspire nor feel real love. For her, for her husband and her admirers, love is dead. The piece was a great success at Naples, the lady and her husband being very well drawn, but the admirers were futile.

panied him on the piano. There was no more talking—the ludicrousness of the scene and everything were forgotten in the music—and there were no more stories until Ysaye laid down his instrument and lit the inevitable cigarette half an hour later.

Ysaye's home life in Brussels is a very happy one. He has a beautiful and charming wife and four handsome children, who are as devoted to "papa" as he is to them. He is first professor of the violin at the Conservatoire de Musique at Brussels, for which position he receives 100 frs. a week, or about \$20, which he laughingly told someone was barely sufficient to pay for his daily outlay for beer and cigars. However, his private pupils and concerts bring him in an immense income. It is said that he cleared over \$50,000 during his last tour in this country, and he will undoubtedly more than double that amount this time, as he receives the highest price ever paid a violinist in this country, or any other country for that matter, and more per concert than any instrumental artist with one single exception.

William H. Lee.—Mr. William H. Lee, the baritone, returns to New York September 1 to resume teaching in response to numerous requests from pupils who find it important to begin early. Although Mr. Lee left New York with the intention of taking a long summer's rest, he nevertheless was prevailed on to sing at different concerts and musicales at the summer resorts where he has visited. The result has been that many among his audiences have decided to come to New York for his instruction, and most of these, like his former pupils, are anxious to lose no time, but begin early in September.

Mrs. Grenville Snelling at North East Harbor.—Mrs. Grenville Snelling, soprano, assisted by Mr. Theodor Bjorksten, tenor, and Miss Alice Burbage, pianist, gave a most charming morning concert at the Parish House, North East Harbor, last Thursday, the 19th. Mr. Bjorksten repeated with success some of the songs he sang at Bar Harbor the Monday before. Mrs. Snelling obtained much applause for her singing of *Del Aquà's* difficult *Villanelle* and also for a group of English songs, including *Roger's Dear, When I Gaze*. Miss Burbage, besides accompanying, played a Liszt rhapsody most delightfully.

Adele Lewing at Saratoga.—Miss Adele Lewing, the pianist, is spending the summer at Saratoga, where she will likely give some concerts in conjunction with the singer Townsend H. Fellows.

Sutro Sisters' Repertory.

HERE is the comprehensive repertory of the Sutro sisters, ensemble pianists:

Silhouettes 2me Suite, op. 23.....	A. Arensky
Praeludium, op. 50, No. 1.....	Algernon Ashton
Pastorale, op. 50, No. 2.....	
Concerto No. 1, C minor.....	J. S. Bach
Concerto No. 2, C major.....	
Concerto No. 3, C minor.....	
Sonata, F Major.....	Wilh. Fried. Bach
Turkischer Marsch; der Ruinen von Athens.....	Beethoven-Thern
Sonata, F minor, op. 34b.....	
Op. 56b.....	Joh. Brahms
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 6, 7, 11, 13, 14.....	
Fantaisie, op. 11.....	Max Bruch
Andantino Pastorale, op. 64.....	Ignaz Brüll
Valse Carnavalesque.....	
Pas des Cymbales.....	C. Chaminade
Andante Scherzettino, op. 59.....	
Rondo, C major, op. 73.....	F. Chopin
Sonata, B major, No. 2.....	M. Clementi
Allemande.....	F. Couperin
Feu Roulant, op. 256.....	J. B. Duvernoy
Slavic Dances, Nos. 7-11.....	Anton Dvorák
Suite Concertante.....	Gounod-Saint-Saëns
Tarantelle, op. 85, No. 2.....	Stephen Heller
Op. 13.....	H. von Herzogenberg
Scherzo in canon form.....	Josef Labor
Concerto Pathétique.....	
Les Preludes.....	Franz Liszt
Rakoczy Marsch.....	
Tarantelle de Rossini.....	Liszt-Kraegen
Scherzo, op. 7.....	Melan-Gueroult
Chanson Arabe, op. 24.....	
Preciosa Variations.....	Mendelssohn-Moscheles
Allegro Brillant, op. 92.....	Mendelssohn-Reinecke
Fantaisie, Midsummernight's Dream, Mendelssohn-Ketterer	
Grand duo sur l'Etoile du Nord, op. 80.....	Meyerbeer-Wehle
Homage à Händel.....	Ignaz Moscheles
Concerto, E flat major.....	
Sonata, D major.....	W. A. Mozart
Fugue, C minor.....	
Gavot, op. 34.....	Eugenio Pirani
Airs Bohémiens, op. 35.....	
Chaconne, op. 150.....	Joachim-Raff
Gavotte and Musette, op. 200.....	Raff-Pescio
Sarabande von Bach, op. 24, variations.....	
Belle Grisélidis, op. 94.....	
Impromptu, op. 66.....	
Bilder aus Suden, op. 86b.....	Carl Reinecke
Gondoliera.....	
Unter Cyressen.....	
Bolero.....	
Mandolin Player.....	
Op. 1, variations.....	Ernst Rudorff
Op. 35, variations.....	C. Saint-Saëns
Polonaise, op. 77.....	
E flat minor, variations.....	C. Sinding
Scherzo, op. 32.....	X. Scharwenka
Andante, op. 46.....	R. Schumann
Op. 9, variations.....	Ed. Schütt
Barcarolle, op. 60.....	Ludwig Schytte
Romanza, op. 48.....	Carl Thern
Ride of the Valkyries.....	Wagner-Ehrlich
Tannhäuser overture.....	R. Wagner

Innes' Band.

IMPORTANT MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

INNES, the famous bandmaster, has been giving this year some of the largest musical festivals organized in this country since the Peace Jubilee of Boston. A recent festival held at the Tennessee Centennial attracted people from all parts of the country, and raised the Exposition attendance to 150,000 above the normal average in four days.

These festivals, which are intrinsically worthy of their large patronage, are given in conjunction with the Innes Band, which outside of the city of New York is without doubt one of the most artistically popular and successful of American musical bodies, and in the metropolis itself is always a favorite and welcome feature.

Mr. Innes will close a long engagement at Philadelphia's famous summer resort, Washington Park, on the Delaware, with what shall be called "Innes' Jubilee." This will last ten days, introducing among a number of other special features a festival chorus of 300 voices.

A flying trip is being made this week by Mr. Innes to his offices in Carnegie Hall, for the purpose of engaging additional solo artists for this forthcoming jubilee. That it will be a brilliant affair there can be little doubt. Whatever Mr. Innes undertakes, or however he may choose to widen or vary the scheme of his concert work, success may be looked for as the result.

The band alone, under the spirited director's baton, is an

excellently equipped and executive body. With such solo artists as Mr. Innes, with his artistic judgment, may select, the combination of forces at this jubilee will be bound to effect admirable musical results. The Innes Band can be a festival in itself, but with the variety in solo work a series of concerts under its auspices may be well worth going some distance to enjoy.

The soloists engaged throughout the entire tour this season of the Innes band have been of the first order, and, supported by this intelligent body of players, have shared brilliantly in a consistent series of successes. The band itself has been doing superior work and has found itself fully and enthusiastically appreciated at every point where it appeared.

After its great jubilee festival, when the New York season is on its verge of opening, the metropolis will look pleasantly forward to some concerts by the Innes band.

Not Harry Graboff.

ONCE more we desire to notify the musical public that the boy who plays at public resorts at Arverne, Brighton Beach and other places called Ivan Graboff is not that pupil of Alex. Lambert known as Harry Graboff, who is continuing his studies under his teacher for the purpose of equipping himself with a thorough pianistic education.

Strange to say, the circulars of the little boy Greboff refer to one Alexander Syden as the "present instructor" of the boy. As a matter of course Alexander Syden, who travels with him and instructs him, is an unknown quantity. Certainly the little Russian and his family, and Miss Katie Sprague, operatic singer and harp soloist (we hope this is not the ex-Governor's wife), have a perfect right to their itinerancy in the summer resorts, and to publish newspaper extracts from such well-known and prominent New York newspapers as the *Daily Telegraph* and *Chronicle*.

It should be understood that Ivan is not Harry, and Greboff is not Graboff.

Quintano at Manhattan Beach.—Sig. Giacomo Quintano, the successful violinist, will play on next Friday evening, the 27th inst., at the dinner of the Manuscript Society to be given at the Manhattan Beach Hotel.

Mary Louise Clary.—Contracts have been signed for the appearance of the favorite American contralto Mary Louise Clary in a series of song recitals and concerts in Canada during October. She will be heard in two concerts in St. John, N. B., October 12 and 13, and two in Halifax, N. S., October 14 and 15. The dates of engagements in Montreal and several other leading cities are being arranged to follow in easy succession.

The Silver Lake Festival.—The success of Mary Louise Clary, the contralto, at the recent Silver Lake music festival, which was her second consecutive engagement there, was such that there was an almost unanimous desire for her return again next year. Last season the principal artists at this important musical function were De Vere, Clary, Evan Williams and Bushnell. This season the quartet was composed of Hilke, Clary, McKinley and Dufft. It was publicly pronounced the best quartet and most satisfactory festival of the long series which has been held there, and there was much said as to re-engaging the entire quartet there and then. They will undoubtedly be heard there again next year. A great part of the success of this festival was due to a most efficient director, George W. Walton.

Music at Lake Placid.—Here is the program of a musicale given at the Stevens House, Lake Placid, N. Y., last week, the leading mover of the affair being Mrs. Florence Buckingham Joyce. Everything passed off with interest and artistic finish. Among the special features to be mentioned are Miss Allen's excellent violin work in the trio, Miss Mae Stuart Scholefield's charming singing of De Lara's Rondel de l'Adieu, with the sympathetic cello obligato supplied by Miss Dressler and her equally expressive singing of the song Little Boy Blue, written by Florence Buckingham Joyce. This was a delightful musicale, without the numerous awkward hitches and pauses besetting average social affairs.

Anitra's Tanz, from Peer Gynt suite.....	Grieg
Lento Movement, from First Trio.....	Bargiel
Mrs. Joyce, Miss Allen and Miss Dressler.....	
Bedouin Love Song.....	Pinsuti
Mr. Chandler.....	
Andante, from concerto in E minor, op. 64.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Allen.....	
The Merry, Merry Lark.....	Nevin
Rondel de l'Adieu.....	De Lara
(With cello obligato by Miss Dressler.).....	
Little Boy Blue.....	Joyce
Miss Scholefield.....	
Adagio and Presto, from Sonata No. 4.....	Corelli
Mrs. Joyce, Miss Allen, Miss Dressler and Mr. Hamburger.....	
When We Meet.....	Hope Temple
Mr. Chandler.....	
Passage Bird's Farewell, op. 14, No. 1.....	Hildach
Miss Scholefield and Mr. Chandler.....	
Hungarian Dance, No. 7.....	Brahms
Mrs. Joyce, Miss Allen and Miss Dressler.....	

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

"Impresario."
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MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Mr. Walter Damrosch.
Mr. Philip Hale.
Mr. Ross Jungnickel.
Prof. Albert R. Parsons.
Mr. Eugene Cowles.
Mrs. Elsie Sutro.
Mrs. Otto Sutro.
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Mr. Saenger.—The annual vacation of Mr. Oscar Saenger, the renowned vocal teacher, is about drawing to a close, and judging from cursory information that reaches us we conclude that he will have the busiest term this fall that has as yet been experienced by him. There is a great demand for artistic vocal teachers who, through their practical work, give evidence of their accomplishment, and Mr. Saenger will find during the approaching season that his time will be absolutely filled. This is as it should be, for there is no abundance of teachers of his calibre.

Lillian Butz, Soprano.—One of the promising artists coming to America this season under the direction of the Herlof Concert Bureau, of New York, will be the soprano Lillian Butz. Miss Butz has achieved much success in Europe, proving herself a solid favorite with musical press and public.

At the Vauxhall concert on Saturday evening Miss Lillian Butz, a talented young American singer, who has not appeared in public before on this side of the ocean, rendered an air from I Puritani and an air from Don Giovanni with much charm and expression, and was warmly applauded and recalled by a critical audience, which included a large contingent of the American colony here. She was also the recipient of a beautiful floral tribute. Miss Butz has a fresh, clear soprano, and made herself heard in the original Italian with ease and distinctness from the open-air theatre. This new songstress gained her musical education at the College of Music, Dayton, Ohio, and is a pupil of Mme. Dyna Beumer. She is shortly going on a tour in the States with Mme. Dyna Beumer, before which, however, we hope to hear her again in Brussels.—*Belgian Times and News*, July 26, 1897.

A marked success was made on Saturday evening at the Vauxhall by Miss Lillian Butz, a young American cantatrice, who was heard in an air from I Puritani and an air from Don Giovanni. The voice is a soprano, agreeable, fresh and musical in quality. She vocalizes with remarkable ease and possesses a compass of wide range. Enthusiastic applause greeted each number.—*Independence Belge*, July 27, 1897.

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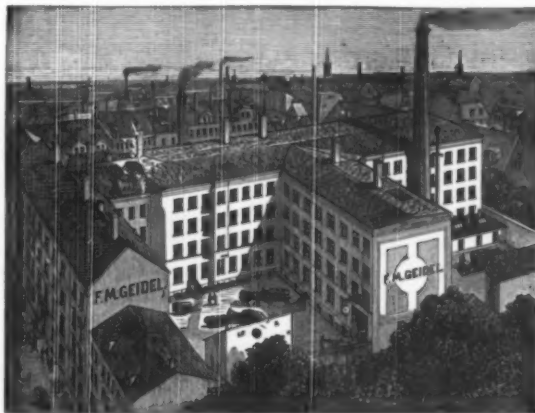
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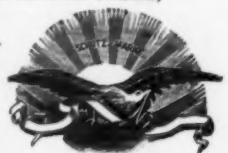
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